THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IRISH MINSTRELSY.

Alfred Percival Graves, the Renowned Irish Poet and Litterateur, Discourses Upon It Before a Dublin Audience.

The Bards Were Not Always Popular, But Their Productions Are Immortal.

The inaugural address upon "Irish Minstrelsy," under the auspices of the National Literary Society, was delivered in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin, lately by Mr. Perceval Graves. Dr. Sigerson presided, and there was a large attendance, among those present being the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Count Plunkett, John Redmond, M.P.; Dr. Kenny, M. P.; J. H. Parnell, Pierce Mahony, John O'Leary, Standish O'Grady, Arnold Graves, J. F. Taylor, Q.C., Dr. Robert Kenny, &c. The lecture, which was most interesting, was listened to with great attention, and was admirably illustrated by selections of vocal and instrumental music capitally rendered.

In introducing the lecturer, the chairman expressed regret that the interest taken in Irish minstrelsy at home is not commensurate with that evinced abroad. After alluding to the well known instances of Irish melodies adapted into operas by Continental musicians, he remarked that while Wagner did not adapt Irish music he chose an Irish theme for one of his operas.

The lecturer, who was received with applause, then proceeded with his subject. In referring to the antiquity and progress of Irish bardic minstrelsy, he said that in the dim morning twilight of ancient Erin legend described her Filats, or musical bards, as constant attendants upon the king and chieftain. As Mr. Alfred M. Williams, the American critic, picturesquely put the tradition, "Surrounded by the Ordidgh, or instrumental musicians, who fulfilled the function of a modern military band; they watched his progress in battle for the purpose of describing his feats in arms, composed birthday odes and epithalamia, aroused the spirits of clansmen with war songs, and lamented the dead in the caoines, or keens, which are still heard in the wilder and more primitive regions of Ireland." They should, of course, discount much of the legendary color which enthusiasts took on trust, but this was the picture the Irish bard presented by his chroniclers. Among other privileges he wore a tartan with only one shade of color less than that upon the king's robe, and his assassination involved a blood penalty inferior only to Royal eric. But before attaining such high honors he had to satisfy the moral requirements of "purity of hand, bright without wounding, purity of mouth without poisonous satire; purity of learning without reproach, and moral purity." In fact he should have love unsullied as the snow. He had, moreover, to give the closest study to the laws of verse before he could become a poet on his own account. Although early Irish verse might be taken to be the most perfectly harmonious combinations of sounds that the world had ever known, it should also be conceded that Irish "direct metre" was the most difficult kind of verse under the sun (laughter). At the time of the conversion of Ireland to the Christian faith the bards were said to number a third of the male population, and such was the popular irritation against them, that had it not been for the friendly intervention of the statesman-poet, St. Columbkille, they would probably have been banished altogether. The earlier sorrowful music still lingered in the latter keens or lamentations and some of the superb marches of the wilder and sadder type. The Irish sleep compelling airs had not attracted the notice they deserved. The first period of Irish bardic literature might roughly be said to be that of epic poetry interspersed with songs. Fine exemplifications of these were to be found in the "Silva Gadelica," a recent translation of a series of early Irish tales by Mr. Standish H. O'Grady (applause). The second era of bardic poetry in Ireland embraced the period of the English struggle of supremacy in the country—that terrible time of internecine war which alike brutalized the Saxon and the Celt. Irish music and song had fallen on evil days when Turlough O'Carolan, born in 1670, was the most remarkable of wandering lyrists.

At this stage of the lecture a number of war songs were sung, including "The March of the Maguire," by Mr. R. McNevin, Jr.; "The Battle Hymn," by Miss Annie Scarff, and Miss Annie Peterson played "The Return from Fingal" on the piano. During subsequent periods of the lecture there were illustrations of songs of employment and pastoral music, including the "Spinning Wheel Song," sung by Miss Maud Bryson; "The Heather Glen," a quartette, the words of which were by Dr. Sigerson, and the music by Dr. Annie Patterson. "Father O'Flynn" was sung by Mr. McNevin, and was rapturously applauded by the audience.

The lecturer, in continuing his discourse, spoke of the causes of the discouragement of Irish music, and of its revival—owing to the Granard and Belfast meetings of Irish harpers. These meetings took place in 1792, and were very successful owing to the enthusiasm of Bunting. The lecturer mentioned as a peculiar incident, which he had on the authority of Dr. Joyce, that one of the Gregorian chants used in Rome was very like the tune of "The Young May Moon" (applause and laughter). The lecturer, in speaking of Moore, vindicated him as a lyrist, and stated that Dr. C. Villiers Stanford, perhaps the best living Irish musician, was preparing and arranging an edition of Moore's melodies, and restoring as far as possible the original purity of the airs (applause). Speaking of the projected musical revival of 1895, Mr. Graves expressed his delight that the movement had been set on foot, and he was glad that Dublin was to be the centre of the movement, as it ought to be. It was a matter of regret to him—indeed, a matter of shame—that while so little interest had been taken in Ireland in the revival of Irish music, there were ladies and gentlemen going about England lecturing upon Irish music and collecting Irish music. They had such eminent Irishmen and musicians as Dr. Hyde and Dr. Stanford working in England in the cause of Irish music, and there was also Sullivan, who had not yet devoted his talents to Irish music; but it was never too late to mend, and the present movement would probably attract him to what ought to have been his first love (applause.)

WELCOME T. D. SULLIVAN.

Dedicated to the members of the St. Alphonsus Club, Toronto.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Welcome to our hearts and homes! welcome, T. D. Sullivan!
From the land our fathers trod, strong in faith and love of God,
Where the shamrock gleams at morn,
Where each patriot son was born,
And the hope of freedom's day
Lights with torch the darkest way,
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

We have watched your lov'd career,
Seal'd it with an exile's tear,
Pledg'd our faith to Erin's cause,
To her love and life and laws,
To each cabin in the vale,
Stung by crowbar, rent with wail;
Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where freedom's rays ne'er set,
"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,"
And with a hearty three times three
We'll toast old Ireland's liberty,
Till high above each hill and dell
Your patriot words will ring and swell;
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our glorious land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

For though the centuries stretch behind,
Maim'd by chains that chafe and bind,
We have brought to our bright shore
A "cead mille fealthe" at the door,
A love that lives thro' every year,
Survives the grave's immortal tear;
Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

O the joy to meet you here!
Hear your words of hope and cheer,
Learn the gains along the line,
Fire our souls with patriot wine,
List to one who loves the Gael
And weaves his life in song and tale;
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

You bring to us a strength of years
Spent in love and hope and fears,
Where O'Connell toil'd and plann'd
To break the chains that bound his land,
Where strong soul'd and strong Parnell
Led his band of patriots well;
Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our glorious land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

"God Save Ireland" was your song;
It swept from shore to shore along,
It echoed o'er the exiled dead
Pillow'd in the deep sea's bed,
It link'd our lives with those above
Who died for Erin's cause and love;
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan.

Here where grows the maple tree,
Type of life and liberty,
We'll spread a banquet rich and wide,
And toast the brave and good who died,
Sing your songs of joy and cheer
That link our hopes from year to year;
Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Welcome to our hearts and homes! welcome, T. D. Sullivan!
Bright the message that you bring,
Sweet the joyous songs you sing,
Every word we'll greet with cheers,
Born of love thro' ripening years;
Welcome with your gift of song!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

—*Toronto Globe.*

THE BOLD BRIGADE.

An Irish Novelist and Wooer of the Muses Gives Some Graphic Pictures of the Irish Soldiers Who Served in the French Armies.

How the Duke of Orleans Was Astonished by the Gastronomic Performance of a Trooper Who Seemed to Eat Enough for a Score of Men.

During the course of almost a century the brigade was enrolled in the French army, and had an honorable share in all the latter's brightest achievements in Flanders, Spain and Italy. Many instances of its staunch fidelity and daring, decisive courage might be quoted from the military records of those days, but one especially may be selected, which in the singular combination of the heroic and grotesque, must be regarded as very national.

Cremona, besieged by Prince Eugene, and defended by the French, was surprised one morning before dawn, and would inevitably have been lost but for the promptitude of the Irish. Whilst the punctilious and ornate Frenchmen were deliberately buttoning up their regimentals, the former, at the sound of their trumpets, jumped out of bed and, simply staying to buckle on their cross-belts and cartouche boxes, seized their guns and hurried to the Square, where, on forming in fighting order, their commander's words, "Halt—dress!" were, at least in one respect, superfluous. Their indifference to appearance on this occasion was all the greater that the period was midwinter, and the city was near the Alps. In this condition they were charged by the Austrian cuirassiers. It was steel-coats against night-shirts; but the linen trade of Ireland proved the more formidable of the two. The Austrians were driven back, and the French had time to form and recover possession of the town. For this brilliant service the Brigade was honored with the emphatic thanks of Louis XIV, and also had their pay increased.

But these fearless fellows, as may be supposed, carried abroad to their new service, not only their courage and fidelity, but all their exuberance as Irishmen. Their rollicking spirit and love of fun were quite as great as their love of fighting, and at times were so opposed to propriety and discipline, that the martinets of the French ranks had to make formal complaint on the matter. It was on one such occasion that a great compliment was paid them by the brave Duke of Berwick, who, however, had good reason to love them for their devotion to his father. "Marshal," said the king to him, "this Irish Brigade gives me more trouble than all my army put together." "Please your majesty," replied the duke, "your enemies make just the same complaint of them."

Of the anecdotes and jokes told of the Brigade during their extended service—proof of a humor and light-heartedness which even exile could not subdue—the number is indeed legion. Gallic vanity forced them often into the attitude of censors, and several of their repartees are excellent and were full of sense, as they were of pleasantry. Among the mass of them is one that has often been referred to other sources—when a Frenchman, claiming for his country the invention of all the elegancies named among other things a ruffle, and Pat answered "We improved on it—we put it to a shirt."

In the same spirit, but less known, was Pat's retort upon a shopkeeper in some petty town where he was quartered. The place had rather a pretentious gate, and the grocer, dilating on its grandeur, and asking what the Irish would say if they possessed it—"Faith, they'd say," was his reply, "we'll keep the big gate shut, or the dirty little town will be after running out of it." The sarcasm, however, was deep and more essentially Hibernian when, going somewhere to dine, after hearing great praise of French cookery, he saw a pot of soup brought in with a bit of meat floating on the top of it—upon which he pulled off his coat, and being asked why he did so, said, "Sure I'm going to have a swim for that little bit of mate there."

Among the adventures recorded of the Brigade, one of the most amusing was an occurrence in the time of the Regent Orleans, in honor of whose birthday a grand masquerade was given in Paris. It was a high-class affair, tickets were a double louis d'or each—all the rank and beauty of Paris were assembled around the regent, and a costly and luxurious supper crowned the attractions of the night. Whilst the entertainment was proceeding one of the prince's suite approached and whispered to him, "It is worth your royal highness' while to step into the supper rooms; there is a yellow domino there who is the most extraordinary cormorant ever witnessed—he is a prodigy, your highness—he never stops eating and drinking, and the attendants say, moreover, that he has not done so for some hours." His royal highness went accordingly—and sure enough there was the yellow domino, laying about him as described, and swallowing everything as ravenously as if he had only just begun. Raised pies fell before him like garden palings before a field-piece—pheasants and quails seemed to fly down his throat in a little covey—the wine he drank threatened a scarcity whatever might be the next vintage.

After watching him for some time the duke acknowledged he was a wonder, and laughing left the room, but shortly afterwards, in passing through another, he saw the yellow domino again, and as actively at work as ever—devastating the dishes everywhere, and emptying the champagne bottles as rapidly as they were brought to him. Perfectly amazed, the duke, at last could not restrain his curiosity. "Who," he asked, "is that insatiate ogre that threatens such annihilation to all the labors of our cooks?" Accordingly, one of the suite was despatched to him. "His royal highness the Duke of Orleans desires the yellow domino to unmask." But the domino begged to be excused, pleading the privilege of masquerade. "There is a higher law," replied the officer, "the royal order must be obeyed." "Well then," answered the incognito, "if it must be so, it must;" and unmasking exhibited the ruddy visage of an Irish trooper.

"Why, in the name of Polyphemus!" exclaimed the regent as he advanced to him, "who and what are you? I have seen you eat and drink enough for a dozen men at least, and yet you seem as empty as ever."

"Well, then," said the trooper, "since the saycret must come out, plase your royal highness, I am one of Clare's Horse—that's the guard of honor tonight—and when our men were ordered out we clubbed our money to buy a ticket, and agreed to take our turn at the supper table, turn and turn about." "What!" exclaimed the Duke, "the whole troop coming to supper?" "Oh, its aisy, plase your highness; sure one domino would do for all of us—if ache tak it in turn. I'm only the eighteenth man, and there's twelve more of us to come."

The loud laughter of the jovial Duke, probably the heartiest he had had for a long time, was the response to this explanation, followed by a louis d'or to the dragoon and a promise to keep his "saycret" till the entire troop had supped.—*Samuel Lover.*

SCHILLER THEATRE.

An operatic event which has been awaited with an unusual degree of interest and expectancy by the Chicago amusement loving public is the engagement of the famous Camille D'Arville Opera Company in the latest great operatic success, "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss." This charming comic opera, an instant success when produced at the Tremont theatre, Boston, this season—where it ran for twenty weeks—has made the most significant hit of any comic opera brought out in Europe or America for years past. Its romantic story is by the noted dramatist Stanislaus Stange, and its delightful music, original and exceptionally melodic, is by the accomplished musician Julian Edwards. The charming and accomplished Camille D'Arville, in the "Magic Kiss," has achieved a rare triumph. The productions of the opera everywhere so far the present season have been literally a succession of popular triumphs. In Chicago, as indeed everywhere in the United States, Camille D'Arville is a great favorite, and, supported by her large and splendidly constituted company, she is giving the new and popular opera a really magnificent performance. "Madeleine" is called a romantic opera comique, and it is claimed to be a strictly legitimate work, with none of the "chesp gags" and slanginess about it that have characterized almost every so-called comic opera we have had in recent years. The story certainly is a clever one and in the hands of so bright a writer as Stanislaus Stange, will doubtless be well and brilliantly told. Julian Edwards is credited with embellishing it with some lovely music, several of the "feature songs" of the work having created quite a popular furore and they are being whistled and sung everywhere. A particularly happy hit is the now famous duet "Mary and the Lamb," which kept staid old Boston laughing and humming for the entire five months "Madeleine" was the reigning sensation there. The supporting company is an exceptionally strong one.

Frederick Warde and Louis James, the two foremost stars of the tragic stage, who jointly as the Warde-James Company, have this season achieved a remarkable success, come to the Schiller Dec. 30 in the new romantic drama, "The Lion's Mouth."

PERSONAL.

The many friends of Mr. M. Kelleher, of 3838 LaSalle street, will be pleased to learn of his return to his family from Mercy Hospital, where he underwent the amputation of one of his limbs. Mr. Kelleher was born in Cork, Ireland, and is 74 years of age. He has resided in Chicago over a quarter of a century. During his long career he has won hosts of friends. THE CITIZEN congratulates him on his complete recovery.

A Gross Act of Cruelty.

Why should we be cruel to ourselves? It is a piece of senseless inhumanity, for instance, for any one of us to inflict upon his bowels and stomach the convulsive, griping, violent action of a drastic cathartic. Many people enamored of pills, powders and potions are continually doing this. They are only "keeping up the agony," perpetuating the disturbance by this foolish course. Why don't they take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and get thoroughly and promptly set right? This supreme laxative never gripes, never produces violent effects of any sort. Yet it is very effective and brings about permanent results. For liver complaint, dyspepsia, nervousness, lack of vitality, rheumatic and kidney complaints, it is eminently serviceable. In old age and to accelerate convalescence it is strongly to be commended. Use it for malaria.

FATHER TOM BURKE.

His Native City of Galway Proposes to Build a Memorial in His Honor.

All Irishmen, at Home and Abroad, Are Invited to Join in the Movement.

A mass meeting was held in the Lecture Hall of the Temperance Institute, Galway, on Sunday week, for the purpose of considering the erection of a memorial in honor of the late Very Rev. Father Thomas Burke, O.P., the most famous of recent Irish preachers and lecturers. Galway city was the birthplace of Father Burke, and hence the interest manifested by his fellow townsmen. The meeting was very largely attended, and the leading men of the old City of the Tribes were present. On motion of Mr. P. J. Hannon, J.P., seconded by Dr. Rice, J.P., the chair was taken by the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, bishop of Galway.

Letters of regret and sympathy were read from the Hon. Christopher Talbot Redington, Mr. George Morris, and Major J. Wilson Lynch, D.L. All the writers enclosed liberal subscriptions.

The Right Rev. Dr. McCormack, who was received with cheers, then spoke in substance as follows: It was not alone in Ireland that Father Burke was known and honored but in the great Republic of America, where he rendered the greatest services to his country and his creed. His services to his country in defending the character of her people from the slanderous attacks made upon them were inestimable. He (the Lord Bishop) questioned very much if there was an Irishman in the nineteenth century who had done more in the way of elucidating Irish character and portraying the many virtues and fine features by which it is distinguished (loud cheers). Father Burke was not only a great preacher but a great priest. He was distinguished for his eloquence, but he was still more distinguished for his humility. Who could have heard or read those magnificent pieces of oratory of his and not feel proud of him? When he first read those magnificent lectures and sermons of Father Burke he (the bishop) was not then what he is now—a Galwayman (cheers), but he was always an Irishman (great cheers), and he felt proud of Father Burke (loud cheers). After all his eloquent speeches and splendid sermons and his great achievements, which would have turned another man's head, he was never in the least affected—he had still the same humility, and this was the crowning feature of his character (applause). After all his successes no one dare flatter him, for his humility would not listen to it, and if that was not the best of his traits it certainly was not the least (cheers). There was hardly a diocese in Ireland which Father Burke did not render service to by preaching for the benefit of churches and charities. He did the same in America, in England and Scotland (cheers). They remembered the great services he rendered his country in America by refuting the calumnies of James Anthony Froude, or Fraud as some persons called him (cheers). They would remember Father Burke interrupted his own work in order to take Mr. Froude in hand, and succeeded in completely defeating and exposing his calumnies (loud cheers). They knew Mr. Froude was a great writer of English literature, but he never had a good word for Ireland, and his assertions with regard to this country, as Father Burke sufficiently proved, were full of falsehoods. Wherever Irishmen were found—and they were found all over the world—there Father Burke was honored (cheers). Go where they would in the great Republic of America they would find, as he was told, in the houses of the Irish the picture of Father Burke among the pictures of the saints (cheers). Such was the man they were called upon to honor with a memorial, and they were come there to do their part in testifying in some enduring form their respect for the memory of the greatest of their great orators, who was called the Prince of Preachers (loud cheers).

Mr. Haunon then presented the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

"That, as the labors of the late Father Tom Burke on behalf of religion and country deserve special recognition from his fellow townsmen, this general meeting pledges itself to have a suitable memorial erected to his memory.

"That as churches and altars are the most suitable monuments to eminent ecclesiastics, and as the Dominican church here was that in which God first called him to his service, and that to which afterwards he was first and religiously affiliated, we deem an altar, with stained glass window, and pulpit to be erected in this new church, beneath the shadow of the tomb of his beloved parents, that most appropriate monument to his memory.

"That a subscription list be now opened, and an appeal made to the late Father Burke's numerous friends at home and abroad for the purpose of putting the above resolution into effect.

"That the following gentlemen—Rev. P. Dooley, P.P.; N. Grealy, M.D., J.P., and B. Connolly, Esq., do act as honorary treasurers; and that P. J. Hannon, J.P., H.C., and M. Hynes Esqs., do act as honorary secretaries."

Eloquent addresses were delivered by Dr. Rice, J.P., Mr. M. A. Lynch, J.P., Mr. Martin Morris, and Prof. Steinberger. The latter gentleman said it might appear rather strange to find him, a foreigner, addressing them. (Cries of "no, no.") But the country he came from, Germany, had many connections with Ireland. He recollected that one of the first historic lessons he had learned at his mother's knee was that after the great migrations, when, owing to the disturbances and wars, learning was almost blotted out, holy Irishmen came to his country and taught the Germans, and lighted the lamp of knowledge among his people. (Great cheers.) He had heard of Father Burke before ever he thought he would have come to Ireland, and before ever he had any idea he would have become a resident in the birthplace of the great orator. He recollected being at a sermon delivered by Father Burke in Belfast. He had intended to give a subscription of five or ten shillings, but he was so taken with the eloquence and the arguments of the preacher that instead of giving five or ten shillings he gave a few pounds. (Laughter and cheers.) They got on that account so much money that not only did it make the altar for the church but they were in addition able to build two towers which now stand out in the city of smoke as one of the greatest ornaments in the place. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. Father Dooley, P. P., next addressed the meeting. He said he knew Father Burke in the role of a wit, a preacher and a priest, but he never knew him in the role of a pickpocket till he heard Mr. Steinberger's experience of how the great Dominican succeeded in getting the pounds out of his pocket. (Laughter and cheers.) Father Dooley urged on the meeting to contribute liberally.

Mr. Charles J. Caine, in the course of his speech, stated he had been a schoolfellow of Father Burke, and he believed one of the dearest wishes of his heart would be to have a memorial altar such as that proposed to be erected. (Cheers.)

The second chair was taken by Mr. H. H. M. A. Murphy, and Bishop McCormack received a vote of thanks.

A subscription list was opened, and £221 odd were collected on the spot. This was certainly a good beginning, and the promoters of the movement invite admirers of Father Tom Burke, the annihilator of Froude, in all lands to join in the good work and give their financial aid. Subscriptions can be sent to the honorary treasurers, named in the proceedings. THE CITIZEN hopes that Chicago Irishmen will not neglect to honor Father Burke's memory.

FORTUNE BROTHERS' BREWERY.

The Fortune Brothers Brewing Co. is one of the oldest establishments of the kind in the city, and enjoys one of the largest constituencies. It was established as an ale and porter brewery in May, 1866, and did a flourishing business in that line up to 1879, when the growing demand for lager beer made the firm devote itself to the production of that popular beverage. Since the year last mentioned Fortune Brothers' beer has been famous throughout the city and its suburbs, and the output continues to increase day by day. The quality of the beer is excellent. It is pleasing to the taste, and both as a table tonic and a general beverage, cannot be excelled anywhere. The brewery buildings themselves are an ornament to the part of the city in which they stand and occupy an immense space, bounded by Van Buren, Desplaines and Pearce streets, with general offices on Desplaines street. The buildings are five stories and a basement, with cellars and all other concomitants of a brewery of the first class. They are constructed of pressed brick, with stone facings and present a stately facade to the passer by. In addition to the brewing of lager and pilsener beer, Fortune Brothers do a great malting business, and this department of their establishment is also largely on the increase. The members of the firm have grown with the growth of Chicago, and are emblematic of the pluck, ability and perseverance which have rendered this city the wonder of the world.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Teutonic arrived at New York on Wednesday, at 4 o'clock p.m.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown on Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 7 p.m.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

PLANS ON FINANCES.

CARLISLE AND ECKLES ILLUMINATE THEIR DEVICES.

The Two Treasury Officials Give the House Banking and Currency Committee Further Light on the Proposed New Banking Schemes.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The principal interest at the Capitol centered in the room of the committee of ways and means, where Secretary Carlisle and Comptroller Eckels appeared by invitation before the house committee on banking and currency to explain and advocate the new banking plan prepared by those two officials and indorsed by the president's message. The room was crowded with members of the house, and intense interest was manifested. Secretary Carlisle was examined and cross-examined by the members of the committee. He had the rough draft of a bill in his possession, but after his examination it was concluded to revise it before submitting it to the committee. Carlisle and Eckels differed somewhat as to the details of the proposed banking scheme, but agreed upon the principles to govern it.

Considers State Bank Notes Safe.

Carlyle explained his plan as it was explained in these dispatches a few days ago as to its features, and also explained the difference between it and the Baltimore plan. The Baltimore plan proposed a deposit of 50 per cent., under certain conditions, while the treasury plan proposed a deposit of 30 per cent., was one difference. He contended that the plan would apply the element of "elasticity" that was needed, and this would work automatically. Carlisle then took up section 11, the "state bank" feature of his plan. He said as to this that he would consider such state bank notes safe—perhaps perfectly safe would be too strong—but reasonably safe.

Question of State Bank Tax.

He said that state banks would be taxed if they refused to observe the conditions imposed on them. "My position would lead to the logical conclusion that all tax on state banks should be repealed," said the secretary. "But that may not be practicable at present. But there should be the least exercise of authority possible. We do not insist that they shall do so and so. Ba.twe say if you do not do so we will tax you."

Johnson of Ohio referred to the old wild-cat days. "That is a thing of the past," said the secretary. "You could no more resume the wild-cat system than you could revive the conditions which made it possible. We have advanced far beyond the possibilities of a wild-cat system."

Carlisle's Bill To Be Printed.

After some more debate on the control of state banks Carlisle said that in his opinion the tax on those banks was unconstitutional; the courts thought otherwise, however. He then said he would submit his bill and appear this morning if desired to go over it in detail. It was arranged to have the bill printed. A recess was taken and when the committee reassembled, Comptroller of the Currency Eckles appeared and made his statement. Nothing, he said, should be done by congress looking to a change of the present banking system unless the resultant should be beneficial both to the banks and the public.

CONVERTIBILITY INTO COIN

Necessary to the Success of Any System of Paper Currency.

The extent of the banking interests of the country represent in capital $680,000,000, in deposits $3,400,000,000, and in depositors 2,000,000. Such enormous interests being involved any new system to be inaugurated must at the outset command the confidence of the people. In this country the note-issuing function was an incident, the deposit accounts the principal. In other countries it was different. In order to make any system successful the note issued must be immediately, not ultimately, convertible into coin.

This was the first consideration. After this if the banks could be given the power to expand the currency in times of stringency, the two main objects of a currency system would be obtained. In his system he had proposed a 50 per cent. deposit upon which bank notes should be issued. To the extent of the deposit those notes were absolutely safe. The other 50 per cent. would be secured by a safety fund raised by proper taxation. Frankly he did not consider such deposit necessary. But the exigencies of the war made it necessary.

The legislation of that period had created a currency which, in and of itself, in his opinion, could not have maintained itself had not the government endowed it with a legal tender quality. The existence of these legal tenders today was the greatest danger to the credit of the United States at home and abroad. The legal tenders called for gold and must by law be re-issued. The drain of gold could be made continuous and the confidence of the people must be shaken both here and abroad.

Undoubtedly the manly thing to do, he said, was to redeem and to retire these notes. The authority to do this had once been given Secretary McCulloch, but it had been rescinded. It could be done now out of the surplus revenues or by means of funding bonds. Under the system proposed by him 50 per cent. of the circulation would be deposited in legal tenders for which circulating notes would be issued dollar for dollar. This would in no wise decrease the volume of currency.

The operation of this plan would be to immediately withdraw $340,000,000 of the legal tenders from the $480,000,000 of legal tenders now used to drain the treasury of gold. As to the question of elasticity, elasticity was governed by two things, the demand and the immediate convertibility of the notes. To the extent of 50 per cent. of the notes the currency would be elastic.

This plan would relieve the treasury of $340,000,000 of greenbacks and furnish an elastic currency for the people. He argued the inherent right of the government to make issues of legal tender, but questioned its expediency. As to the safety of the notes history would repeat itself. The £15,000,000 of uncovered notes of the Bank of England (that is those which had not a pound of gold behind them) were just as secure as those covered by gold. The notes issued by the Bank of England uncovered have always been as good as others. The best assets of any bank or other financial institution were redeemable paper.

This was apparent during the panic last year when the bonds were hard to dispose of while convertible paper was acceptable everywhere. The bank assets and credit behind the uncovered notes to be issued under the proposed system for this country would make them entirely safe.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

What the Lawmakers Are Doing at the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—The senate was in session for only half an hour, as the leaders of the majority desired to caucus on the general order of business before proceeding with the business itself. There was time enough, however, for Lodge to have passed two resolutions for information which promise to bring the Hawaiian and Bluefields incidents before congress for comment and probably criticism.

The session of the house was exceedingly dull and uninteresting. The attendance was small and there was no clash of any kind. A bill providing for the dedication of the Chicamauga and Chattanooga Military park Sept. 19 and 20, 1895, and one for the establishment of a national military park on the site of the battle of Shiloh were passed and the remainder of the day was devoted to a fruitless discussion of the printing bills.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—In the senate there were a number of bills introduced, among them one to forfeit the unearned lands granted to railways and a resolution for the investigation of the merits of the plan for a unit of labor. Peffer spoke on his resolution relating to the issue of bonds, and it was adopted. His resolution regarding the Chicago strike was referred. Vest spoke in favor of a cloture rule, but the subject went over without action. Berry introduced a bill to provide a better government for that part of Indian territory occupied by Indians and to call it Indiancia. An executive session was held.

It was another dull day in the house. The resolution asking information of the Chino-Japanese war went to the foreign affairs committee. A bill was passed to prevent the free use of lumber on public lands, and the conference report on the printing bill was adopted. The railway pooling bill was made the special order until disposed of.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The senate had a brief session and then adjourned over until Monday. Vest had intended to urge action on his plan to secure cloture in the senate, but there was no disposition among the senators to settle the question at once and Vest reluctantly let the subject go over. Turpie made an extended speech in favor of election of senators by the people. A bill for the national dedication of the Chicamauga and Chattanooga park next September was passed.

In the house the speaker announced a lot of changes in the committees. The railway pooling bill was resumed. Cooper of Florida gave it a modified support, Daniels (Rep.) of New York opposed it, and Morse of Massachusetts advocated the measure. Bills were introduced to appropriate $100,000 to acquire title to Gettysburg battlefield, and making compulsory the use of automatic couplers and steam heating on railways.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The house spent an hour in the consideration of the bill to protect forest reservations. The remainder of the day was occupied in the further discussion of the railroad pooling bill. The debate was participated in by Bartlett, Cockran and Wise in support and Bryan and Northway of Ohio in opposition to the bill. The speech of Cockran was especially brilliant.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—Call of Florida presented a resolution in the senate declaring that Cuban independence was important to this country and requesting the president to begin negotiations with Spain for that independence, the United States to pay Spain for the same. He also presented resolutions calling for a termination of the Chino-Japanese war. Allen (Pop.) attacked the attorney general in relation to the Pullman strike, and also attacked Pugh, who replied vigorously. Allen wanted a resolution calling for information of the strike sent directly to Olney. The matter went over, and Morgan made a long speech on the Nicaraguan canal, an executive session was held, and the senate adjourned.

The house considered District business. Clark of Missouri made a rambling speech on the tariff, frequently interrupted by the Republicans, but no business of importance was transacted.

National Municipal League.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 11.—The National Municipal league convention closed its business sessions here and adjournment was taken and a tour of inspection made to St. Paul. The main feature of the morning session was a paper on "The Elements of a Model Charter for American Cities," by Professor Edmund J. James, of the University of Pennsylvania. He held that European ideas would not apply in this country, and thought the ideal charter should allow the community a wide range of autonomy. The delegates returned to Minneapolis for a banquet last night at the West Hotel.

County Treasurer Short in Accounts.

CHEBOYGAN, Mich., Dec. 11.—William Erratt, the Cheboygan county treasurer, is several thousand dollars in arrears in his accounts. His brother, Henry Erratt, who is deputy treasurer and also treasurer elect has been unsuccessful thus far in trying to secure bondsmen. William Erratt, who is a hardware merchant, has made an assignment of his business to one of his bondsmen.

Chinese Treaty Proclaimed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The president has signed the proclamation announcing the ratification and the taking effect of the new Chinese treaty. The proclamation is precisely similar to those usually issued in such cases.

THE DEATH RECORD.

LEON ABBETT, ex-governor of New Jersey, at Jersey City, N. J.

DAVID JOYCE, millionaire lumberman of Lyons, Ia., at Minneapolis.

ODEN BOWIE, ex-governor of Maryland, at Bowie, Md.

MARK ROBERT HARRISON, the celebrated artist, at Fond du Lac, Wis.

Congressman-Elect A. J. CAMPBELL of the Tenth New York district, New York.

Captain JOHN PRIDGEON, millionaire vessel owner, at Detroit.

R. W. PADELFORD, pioneer citizen of Elgin, Ills.

General ELAKIM P. SCAMMON, professor of ethics and mathematics at West Point, at Audubon Park, N. Y.

THOMAS E. PROCTOR, president of the United States Leather company, at Boston.

MRS. E. M. WHITE, well-known literary woman, at Princeton, Ills.

Commodore W. B. TRUFANT, at Denver, Colo.

GEORGE W. LAWRENCE, prominent banker, at North Manchester, Ind.

HENRY B. BABCOCK, leading citizen of Evansville, Ind.

CRIME IS LAID BARE.

PERPETRATORS OF THE CHICAGO JANITOR MURDER.

Butchered by His Assistant, Who Pleads Self Defense—A Woman of "Nerve" Gets What Property There Was on the Body—Probably Complete Facts Connected with the Cruel Taking Off of Miss Ging.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—The mystery surrounding the murder of Alfred Barnes, janitor of the Hiawatha flats, has been finally cleared up, and Edward Jordan, assistant janitor of the building, is the confessed murderer. The police succeeded in getting from Anpie Mahoney, a woman with whom Barnes had at one time been intimate, the admission that the crime was committed by Jordan. She repeated the confession in the presence of Jordan and he acknowledged it correct. The story of the Mahoney woman was told in a stolid, indifferent way, she apparently feeling not the slightest compunction for her part in the awful tragedy, and she even at times laughed loudly during the recital. Her story was that some time ago Jordan came to her and said that Barnes was urging him to give poison to a policeman named Allen, against whom Barnes had a grudge, and he was afraid that Barnes would injure him if he did not do as he wished.

Annie Washed Up the Blood.

The woman warned Jordan to beware of Barnes, whom she declared to be a treacherous man, and told him that if he did not take care of himself Barnes would put poison in his food and kill him instead of the policeman. Wednesday night Jordan went to the woman and told her that he had killed Barnes in a fight, and that the body was lying in the cellar of the flat building. He asked her to come and help him clean up the place. She went, and found the body lying on a heap of coal near the furnace. She and Jordan strippped the body, and she took $9 in money and a watch found in the murdered man's clothes. She said she considered herself entitled to this, as Barnes had cheated her out of $900. She washed up the blood stains around the place as well as she could, and then went away, taking Barnes' clothes, in order to give color to a story that he had gone to Dakota.

Thursday she met Jordan and Jersey on the street and they told her they had put the body in a box, which was still in the cellar. She went with Jordan while he engaged an expressman to take the box away, and then to the flat and watched the men bring the body out of the basement. She laughed heartily while telling this episode, declaring that "Jersey was frightened all the time and did not begin to have the nerve I had." She went with the men when they took the body away and urged them to carry it to the Lake Shore and put stones in the box so that it would be sunk in the lake. They refused to do this and dumped it in the street where the police found it. The Mahoney woman freely admitted that she was glad Barnes was dead. As soon as she had finished her confession Jordan was brought in and she repeated the confession.

Jordan's Plea is Self Defense.

Jordan admitted that he killed Barnes and when asked with what he had done it replied calmly: "You have the tool," meaning the ax in the possession of the police. He said: "Barnes and I had an argument over a missing bolt in the furnace. He called me a liar and rushed at me. I grabbed the ax and knocked him down. He never moved or spoke after the first lick. I had to hit him, for if I had not I would have been killed myself." The balance of the story as told by Annie Mahoney was fully corroborated by Jordan. Jersey has also confessed his share in the crime. The reason Barnes had a grudge against Policeman Allen was that Allen had been forced to arrest Barnes owing to the latter's relations with women.

THE SOLUTION AT MINNEAPOLIS.

Adry Hayward Cornered into Confessing What He Knows.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 10.—Notwithstanding Adry Hayward's statement that if all the police officials told him was true (referring to the pretended proof the officers confronted him with) he would still say nothing, as he would not have his brother's blood on his hands, he has finally weakened and confessed that he knew that Harry Hayward had been plotting to murder Catherine Ging for some months; that Harry had warned him (Adry) to have a good alibi for something might happen, on the night of the murder; that he (Adry) had told a friend, Levi M. Stewart, all he knew and that Stewart had refused to believe that Harry was in earnest until he heard of the murder having actually been accomplished.

Blixt has made two confessions, the first declaring that Hayward shot Miss Ging, but the last admitting that he (Blixt) did the shooting himself. He says that Hayward had persuaded Miss Ging that she could do well in the green goods business and arranged for her to meet the green goods agent on the outskirts of the city. On the night of the murder Hayward drove Miss Ging about twelve blocks from the Ozark flats where Blixt was met and Miss Ging persuaded to let Blixt drive her the rest of the way, Hayward to follow in another buggy. Blixt, arriving at the appointed place, called Miss Ging's attention to an object, and as she turned her head he shot her.

The motive of the crime was the securing of the insurance on Miss Ging's life and the stealing of her money.

Harry Hayward was greatly affected by the news broken to him at the jail that his brother had confessed, but he still stoutly maintained his innocence. He said Adry might think he was telling the truth, but he was not.

American Federation of Labor.

DENVER, Dec. 11.—President Gompers' annual report was submitted to the Federation of Labor convention, after the preliminary business had been transacted, committees appointed, etc. He compliments the organization upon being able to preserve its existence during the recent adverse circumstances. Referring to the coal miners' strike, he said, 125,000 men were out for eight weeks and yet there was hardly a dearth of coal. Considering this the establishment of a minimum rate of wages was a very great victory. He defended the action of the federation in regard to the A. R. U. strike by the assertion that Debs' proposition submitted to them was a virtual acknowledgment that the strike was a failure. President Cleveland's action at that time he severely condemned.

DEATH OF A GREAT ENGINEER.

The Builder of the Suez Canal Joins the Great Majority.

PARIS, Dec. 8.—Count Ferdinand de Lesseps died yesterday at Lachenaie, near Vatane, in the department of L'Indre. During the night he received the last sacrament.

DE LESSEPS.

Ferdinand Marie Viscount de Lesseps was born in Versailles, Nov. 11, 1805. He first went into the consular service of his country and was later minister to Spain and to Rome. While on a visit to Egypt in 1854 he disclosed his project for a Suez canal to Said Pacha and two years later secured the desired concession. The canal was opened for steamers of light draught in 1865, and the full plans were carried to completion in 1869. Since 1873 Count de Lesseps had concentrated his attention to the Panama canal, and in 1875 at the meeting of the congress of the geographical sciences he formally proposed to cut a canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

He formed a company with a capital of $20,000 to make the surveys, obtaining support from financiers in nearly all the countries in Europe. In 1879 he obtained from the Colombian government the exclusive privilege of constructing the canal and immediately set about organizing a stock company with a capital of $120,000,000. This proving a failure he began again to organize a company with a capital of $100,000,000, coming to the United States frequently to advance the vast project. The company was constituted in January, 1881, and in October of the same year work was begun. But this company also failed, and shortly afterward were instituted the celebrated trials in the French chamber of deputies which found the veteran engineer guilty of practicing fraud and sentenced him to imprisonment, from which he escaped only by the clemency of a sympathetic people.

M. De Lesseps received in his lifetime most of the highest honors conferred by any of the European governments. He was appointed to the rank of grand cross of the Legion of Honor Nov. 19, 1869; received the cordon to the Italian Order of St. Maurice in Dec. 1869; was nominated by Queen Victoria an honorary knight grand commander of the Order of the Star of India, Aug. 19, 1870, and received the broad ribbon of the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun July 25, 1888.

NEWBY CASE UP AGAIN.

Celebrated Pension Suit Before the United States Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The famous Newby pension case from Illinois is on the docket of the United States supreme court. This is the case in which Newby, who is nearly 70 years of age, was, after two trials, sentenced to two years' imprisonment for obtaining a pension under false pretenses or personating a pensioner long since dead. The case has attracted great interest in Grand Army circles throughout the country and the veterans raised a sum of $2,000 to appeal to the supreme court. Meanwhile, Newby is out on bail. It is an interesting fact that all his old neighbors who have known him since his boyhood insist that he is the man he represents himself to be, while the jury convicted him in the face of this testimony.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¾@488¼ for demand and 487¼@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates 487½@488 and 489@489½; commercial bills 485¼@485¾.

Silver certificates 61¼; no sales; bar silver 61¼. Mexican dollars 50.

United States government bonds 5's regular, 113½; 5's coupons 113½; 4's regular 114½; 4's coupons 115½; 2's regular 97½; Pacific 6's of '95 99½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 54½c, closed 54¼c; May, opened 59½c, closed 59¾c; July, opened 60c, closed 59½c. Corn—December, opened 46¾c, closed 46¼c; January, opened 47¼c, closed 47⅛c; May, opened 47⅝c, closed 47½c. Oats—December, opened 29¼c, closed 29¼c; January, opened 29¼c, closed 29¼c; May, opened 32½c, closed 32¾c. Pork—January, opened $11.95, closed $11.77½. May, opened $12.20, closed $12.22½. Lard—January, opened $5.90, closed $6.80.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 24c per lb; extra dairy, 21c; packing stock, 11@12c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 20c per doz, loss off. Live poultry—Chickens, 5½@7c per lb; turkeys, 7@8c; ducks, 7@8½c; geese, $5.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 43@50c per bu; Hebrons, 42@48c; early rose, 42@48c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.25@1.50. Cranberries—Cape Cod, fair to choice, $8.00@9.00 per bbl; fancy, $9.00@9.75. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.

Live stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 44,000; sales ranged at $3.20@4.00 pigs, $3.85@4.35 light, $4.10@4.25 rough packing, $4.10@4.55 mixed, and $4.30@4.75 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day 22,000; quotations ranged at $4.00 @ 5.40 Christmas beeves, $3.15@5.80 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.35@5.15 good to choice do., $3.85@4.35 fair to good, $3.15@3.80 common to medium do., $2.85@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.15@3.00 stockers, $2.80@3.40 feeders, $1.25@1.70 cows, $2.30@3.30 heifers, $1.50@3.50 bulls, $2.25@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.25 western rangers, and $2.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $1.50@3.05 westerns, $1.50@2.75 Texans, $1.25@3.70 natives, and $3.00@4.30 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Dec. 10.

Cattle—Receipts 40 head; choice export $4.40@4.60; fair to good butchers, $3.85@4.05. Hogs—Receipts 7,500 head; Yorkers, $4.35@4.60; medium and good heavy, $4.35@4.60. Sheep—Receipts 12,400 head; fair to good mixed sheep, $2.75@3.25; common to fair, $1.75@2.50; choice, $2.80@2.85; native lambs, good to choice, $3.50@3.85.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, Dec. 10.

Wheat—No. 2 cash, 55c; December, 55c; January, —c; May, 59@59½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 46½c; December, 46¼c; May, 49c; No. 3 mixed, 43½c; No. 4 mixed, 42c; No. 3 yellow, 49½c; No. 2 mixed, 46½c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 30½c; No. 2 white, 33c. Rye—Cash, 51c. Clover seed—Prime cash, $5.62½; February, $5.67½.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 10.

Wheat—Cash, 52½c; December, 52½c; January, 52¼c; May, 56¼@56¾c. Corn—Cash, 42½c; December, 43¾c; January, 44¼c; May, 46¾c. Oats—Cash, 32½c; December, 30½c; May, 33½c. Pork—Jobbing, $12.12½. Lard—Prime, $6.45; choice, $6.75.

ILLINOIS GLEANINGS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Telegraphic Reports of Happenings in the Prairie State During the Past Few Days—News Briefly Stated and Placed for Convenient Reading.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 11.—Henry Selter, the Lebanon banker and farmer, has made an assignment in the office of recorder at Belleville, Ills., for the benefit of his creditors to Marshal W. Wolr, his attorney. Senator Selter has been familiarly known in Illinois politics for some years, and has represented St. Clair county in the state senate. There was no statement of the liabilities or assets furnished the recorder. The assignee said that he would at once begin preparing a statement.

Henry Selter was the only heir to the estate of his father, Michael Selter. The estate was valued at $150,000. He has lately been reputed to have been worth about $250,000. He was the principal owner of the Lebanon bank, a private institution which was started in the '70s. The O'Fallon bank, a branch institution, which has been in operation together with the Lebannon bank but a few months, have closed their doors. The amount due depositors by the two private banks the assignee cannot tell.

What the estate will pay is a matter of mere conjecture. It is reported that the immediate cause of the assignment was the death of Rufus N. Ramsey, of Carlyle, Clinton county, the state treasurer of Illinois, to whom Mr. Selter was indebted between $40,000 and $50,000. The two men have been for many years in the habit of indorsing each other's notes.

Illinois State Board of Health.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 10.—At a meeting of the state board of health and the committee representing the auxiliary association of that body a sub-committee on securing of legislation was appointed, composed of Dr. B. M. Griffith, of Springfield, and Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, of Chicago, of the state board of health; Dr. Graham, of Chicago, representing the state medical society, and one representative to be appointed from the state Homeopathic Medical and state Eclectic Medical society, which shall be selected by the presidents of these organizations.

Illinois Sheriff Shot by a Lunatic.

PEORIA, Dec. 11.—Sheriff George Brooker, of Mason county, was fatally shot while attempting to arrest John Fuller, an insane man who had been residing in a cabin boat on Quiver lake, near Havana, for some time. Sheriff Brooker attempted to serve a warrant on the lunatic and was warned away. He kept after his man and received both barrels of a gun loaded with buckshot in his side. Fuller was afterwards arrested. Sheriff Brooker took his office a week ago.

Parkhurst Crusade at Pana.

PANA, Ills., Dec. 7.—This city is in the midst of a Parkhurst crusade. Last Friday The Daily Gazette called for the formation of a civic federation, and now a report is current that thirteen citizens of Pana have been indicted for gambling and several witnesses for perjury. Threats are being publicly made against the editor of The Gazette and the witnesses who "peached."

Altgeld Goes to Hot Springs.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 10.—Governor Altgeld has been looking and feeling badly for several days, and feeling the necessity of rest and freedom from the cares of office, has left for Hot Springs, Ark., accompanied by Mrs. Altgeld. They will be gone for an indefinite time, the governor not being decided as to the length of their stay.

Nominated for Circuit Judge.

MONMOUTH, Ills., Dec. 6.—Hon. Hiram Bigelow of Henry county was nominated for judge of the circuit court of the Tenth judicial district on the ninety-fifth ballot. A special election will be held Jan. 7 to fill the vacancy.

Notes of the State.

Near Effingham, Ills., burglars were discovered in the store of J. P. Condon, and in attempting to arrest them Sheriff Tedrick shot one of the desperadoes, probably fatally.

Jere Matthews, defeated for re-election as county clerk at Lincoln, Ills., took poison. His accounts are $2,000 short.

The Illinois state board of canvassers has completed the official count of votes for members of congress. No errors in the original returns were discovered. The two congressmen elect whose seats will be contested have, according to the returns, the following pluralities: McGann, Third district, 31; Downing, Sixteenth district, 40.

Near Vandalia, Ills., Arthur McDowell, aged 32, was drowned by the upsetting of his buggy while fording a stream.

The Illinois Millers' association was in session at Springfield, Ill., and elected E. C. Kreider of Jacksonville president.

Judge Bookwalter of Charleston, Ills., fined a brass band whose playing annoyed him for contempt of court.

Mrs. Ida Fairchild of Danville, Ills., died on a train in Colorado.

Edward Hargraves, a leading dairyman of Clifton, Ills., while assisting his men at a feedcutter, caught his right hand in the machine and crushed it so that he had to have it amputated.

Samuel J. Mitchell, a lightning rod man, was sentenced at Metropolis, Ills., to eight years in the penitentiary for committing forgery.

John McRoberts, a coal miner of Assumption, Ills., was instantly killed by a fall of rock. He had been married only three weeks.

Lady Somerset on Living Pictures.

BOSTON, Dec. 11.—Lady Somerset, now visiting in this city, emphatically denies that she will organize a crusade against living pictures. She says: "I have no thought of interfering with exhibitions given in America. There are plenty of citizens, wise and vigilant, who will watch over the morals of this land. I raised my protest in England against entainments that I considered likely to demoralize the spectators and performers. I have not visited, nor do I expect to visit the theaters where living pictures are given in America."

Killed a Burglar.

OTTUMWA, Ia., Dec. 11.—Burglars robbed the Burlington depot at Batavia, ten miles east of here. They took a handcar and started toward Ottumwa. Detective Jim Harrison took officers on an engine from here and met them. A battle was fought and one burglar killed, name unknown. The other two escaped. Harrison received a flesh wound.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

THURSDAY, DEC. 6.

The emperor of Germany was the principal figure in the dedicatory ceremonies of the new Reichstag building at Berlin. A model of the building (which is not yet completed) was shown in the art gallery at the World's fair and is now in the Field Columbian museum at Jackson park, Chicago.

It is figured that every man, woman and child in the United States eats an average of four and one-half bushels of wheat a year in the form of bread or breakfast cereals.

According to statistics just completed there are 5,735 steamers flying the British flag, 810 the German, 510 the Norwegian, 503 the French and 430 the American.

The hygienic congress at Buda-Pesth has brought out the fact that there are four times as many men who stammer as there are women who are so afflicted.

Thieves broke into the sporting goods store of A. G. Spalding at Chicago and stole $600 worth of guns and cutlery.

Two blazes in the New York dry goods district did $250,000 damage. Seventy-five girls had narrow escapes.

FRIDAY, DEC. 7.

Dr. Bryant, President Cleveland's physician, characterizes alarming reports published about the president's health as "rot, with a dash between each letter."

Commander Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, who has been very ill at Chicago, is slowly recovering.

The attorney and bondsmen of Dr. Flower at Chicago say that when the facts are all known Flower will be all right.

Socialists in the German reichstag sat silent when cheers for Emperor Wilhelm were called for. All the other members responded heartily. Von Lovetzow was re-elected president and the reichstag adjourned to next Tuesday.

A citizens' committee at New York has asked the courts to investigate the charge made by one O'Rourke, for many years a clerk in the city comptroller's office, that $15,000,000 of city bonds have been duplicated. The court denied the application.

Fire in a flat-building at Chicago, occupied by thirty-two families, gutted the building. A ladder broke and precipitated three firemen to the ground severely, but not fatally, wounding them.

SATURDAY, DEC. 8.

The First National and Helena National banks, at Helena, Mont., have consolidated. The general balances of the new concern are nearly $5,000,000.

A son of General Hardiman, of Austin, Tex., was mistaken for a deer by a fellow hunter and killed.

Prairie fires have devastated 35,000 square miles of Texas grazing land.

Creditors ask for a receiver for the Gypsum Plaster and Stucco company at Grandville, Mich.

E. V. Debs is going to California to deliver a series of addresses.

The Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators of America voted to approve the abolition of conventions, and to adopt the initiative and referendum plan.

The Indiana Coal Operators' association and the United Mine Workers of Indiana will send delegates to the arbitration conference at Columbus, O.

Henry Whilt, J. D. Boster and George Adams were arrested at Huntington, W. Va., on the charge of robbing George B. Sanford, a farmer, of $1,300.

MONDAY, DEC. 10.

At Blossburg, Ala., Sandy Brown's infant daughter was burned to death while its mother was milking the cow, and Hamilton Irving's 2-year-old son fatally scalded himself with hot tea.

Edward Fournil, the French billiardist, beat Thomas Gallagher, the Chicago expert, in a 1,000 point game at New York.

In a shooting affray at Floyd, La., B. F. Cawthorne was killed and five others wounded.

The Rev. Conrad Haney, pastor of the Lake Avenue Union church, of Chicago, has eloped with Mrs. Brandt, wife of George W. Brandt, head salesman of the Price Baking Powder company. Both sinners leave families of children.

An angry mob is hunting for one Hammond, near Hoxie, Ark., who assaulted Mrs. Clementine Calvin.

H. V. McCullough, of Detroit, is in trouble at Dayton, O., on a charge of selling the leaves of the oak, beech and willow for tea.

TUESDAY, DEC. 11.

Five members of the family of F. W. Mitchler, of Kansas City, were seriously injured by jumping from a third-story window during the progress of a fire in their residence.

Sam Evans, connected with prominent Fort Worth families, has confessed to participation in the Texas Pacific train robbery. He, with two others of the gang, is in jail.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Henry, of Philadelphia, are the parents of the oldest baby in the world. It is a girl and was born May 18, 1876, but is still a baby in nearly every respect, the result of a disease that is very rare.

General E. L. Viele, of New York, said at a secret meeting of Lafayette Post G. A. R. that one of Lincoln's cabinet officers betrayed to a courtesan the expedition sent against Port Royal, and now some members of the post want the general to tell the name of the cabinet officer which he declares he will not.

The Commercial Bank of Newfoundland, at St. Johns, Nd., has failed, causing runs on the savings banks and crippling other banks and business concerns. If the savings banks can stand the run everything will be safe, but if they fail the effect will be terrible financially.

The Past Guarantees The Future

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you. It makes pure, rich, healthy blood, tones and strengthens the nerves, creates an appetite, and builds up the whole system. Remember

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Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

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CHAPTER VI.

Teresa resumed her chair without a word and sat looking into the fire, a slight contraction of the fair brow and drooping of the shoulders showing that she was undergoing some mental struggle. Simulation of another character than her own was at an end. "La misma," she had responded to the lieutenant's exclamation. Yes, she was the same Teresa Valencia he had seen in Santa Fe, and she half regretted that she had assumed another character. It certainly had availed her nothing. He had once rescued her from insult and thrice from suffering and possible death, and she began to think that he only could relieve her from her present embarrassing situation.

Raymer hastened to the quarters of Mrs. Sullivan, the laundress. It is hardly necessary to follow his reflections from the instant he discovered a charming girl in the person he had hitherto looked upon as an uninteresting old woman, to whom he owed nothing but courtesy and the protection due the weak from the strong. His one thought now was to relieve the unhappy maid from the anxieties connected with her situation.

He saw plainly why she had made the attempt to conceal her identity and why she had attempted to quit the valley and leave no clew. But the fates had been against her and had finally left her alone and unattended in the midst of strangers. In the eyes of her parents nothing could be much worse.

Arrived at the cabin of the laundress, the officer succeeded in making that industrious matron understand that La Senora Vieja, who had been rescued from the Indians, proved to be Dona Teresa Valencia of Albuquerque.

"The blessed darlint," exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan. "I knew her well in Santa Fe, and my Jenny there," pointing to a rosy Irish girl of 16, who was ironing in a corner of the room, "jist id'lizes her. Jenny was a day scholar at the sisters' school, ye remimber. Well, some of the gir-r-r-ls of the big families thought thimsilves too grand to trate the daughter of a poor soldier b'y dacentlike, and it was this same Tressy Vlency that took her part, and alw'ys hed a swate smile and koind word for her, and trated her like an aquel. Donny Tressy in this camp! What shall I do for her, liftinint?"

"That is what I have come to see you about, Mrs. Sullivan. I need not tell you, who have lived so long in the territory, what it means for a Mexican girl to be alone in this camp. The young lady has felt this from the first, as you can see by her desire to conceal her personality and her attempt to leave in the storm the other day. I accidentally discovered her secret but a few moments ago, and as she has no attendants I want you to let Jenny act as her companion and maid until she leaves. I shall take measures to communicate with her relatives at once."

"Jenny shall go, liftinint."

"Thank you, Mrs. Sullivan. While she is getting ready I will go to the sickroom and have Mason dress my hand. It was hurt in the woods, and in the excitement of meeting Miss Valencia I had forgotten I came on account of it. Will be back shortly."

Mother and daughter then retired to a lean to, where the girl made her toilet, and the mother packed a portmanteau with her necessary belongings. When all was ready, Jenny took the valise and started, meeting the officer in the door.

"Let me carry that bag for you, Jenny," said Raymer, advancing and offering to take it.

"No, no!" exclaimed the mother. "It's the gentleman ye are, liftinint, to offer to hilp me gir-r-r-l, but we've the camp full of min for that sort of thing. I'll sind it afther ye by one of the b'ys."

Accompanied by the girl, Mr. Raymer returned to his cabin, where Dona Teresa sat waiting.

"Miss Valencia," said he, "I have brought you a maid. But," he quickly added in Spanish, "I beg pardon. You do not understand English."

"Quite as well as you do Spanish, I fancy, Mr. Raymer," answered Teresa in excellent English.

"Pardon my forgetfulness. I had forgotten the essay at the convent and that I overheard your conversation with your father. I have brought you an old acquaintance. This is Jenny Sullivan, whom you will remember, I think," and the lieutenant stepped aside, disclosing the young girl in the doorway.

"It cannot be!" exclaimed Teresa, her beautiful eyes dilating. "It is indeed Jenny Sullivan. Oh, Mr. Raymer, how fortunate!" taking Jenny's hands, with an involuntary gesture of relief and pleasure.

If the young man could have entertained a lingering doubt concerning his own state of mind, it would now have been dispelled forever. That lovely face, flushing with emotion, the beautiful eyes filled with tears, but beaming with trust and gratitude, completed the conquest.

"Ah, Jenny," added Teresa, "if I had only known at first that it was you whom Mr. Raymer wished to attend me! You and your mother could have aided me in maintaining the character of La Senora Vieja until I found opportunity to leave the valley."

"Oh, yes, miss, we would have been glad to," answered the delighted Jenny.

"I trust I may be pardoned for expressing my satisfaction at the result of your oversight," said Raymer. "I can aid you better in your own character than in that of another, particularly so reticent a person as the old lady."

"I will try to be more communicative in future, Mr. Raymer. Come, Jenny; let us go to my cabin."

"Let me exchange cabins with you, Miss Valencia," urged the lieutenant, following his departing guest to the door. "This is much the most comfortable and convenient."

"Thank you, but my own is very cozy and will do for the few days I shall remain here. Besides, you know, el comandante should have the best quarters."

"Not at the expense of a lady's comfort," replied Raymer. "It will take but a few moments for the men to prepare for an exchange."

"Thank you, but my present quarters are good enough. I am perfectly satisfied."

"Will you dine with me, please?"

Hesitatingly, "Yes, thank you."

Teresa took up the long cloak which had hitherto concealed her features and started with Jenny for her cabin, but the lieutenant observed that she did not now throw the hood over her head, nor did she again affect the decrepit gait or stooping form, but walked with maiden grace, her blond tresses exposed to the winter breeze.

The sentinel at the guardhouse was surprised out of his soldierly equanimity as the young woman passed along the path. He halted and faced outward, and the lieutenant half expected him to present arms, but he recovered himself and walked on with a suppressed whistle of astonishment.

Through sentinel and laundress it was soon known throughout the camp that La Senora Vieja had been miraculously transformed into a beautiful and graceful maiden.

Half an hour later Jenny appeared at the officer's cabin with the request from her mistress that he would accompany her to the bedside of the wounded boy, Ramon, a thing she had been unable to do in her character of an old woman. Raymer replied that he would be pleased to do so at once and sent Cain to notify the boy and his nurse of the proposed call. A little later the officer and lady stood at the bedside. As Teresa stooped over Ramon extended his thin hand to clasp hers and said feebly in his mother tongue:

"Ah, Dona Teresa, you have revealed yourself."

"Yes, Ramon, by a silly accident, but perhaps a fortunate one."

"I think it better, my mistress. El comandante and the soldiers are brave men and kind."

"But, my poor Ramonito, how you have suffered in aiding me! You are very brave."

"It was nothing, dona. It is a privilege to be wounded in your service."

"Gallantly said, my lad," interrupted Raymer. "You are a born chevalier."

"He is indeed, Mr. Raymer," said Teresa. "He took a fearful risk when he left Los Ojos Frios for the valley, volunteering when the men refused."

"It was nothing, dona. You needed help, and quickly."

"Nothing to risk your life for ours? I am very proud of you, Ramon, and you shall be my brother always. How thin and worn you are!" and the young lady cast a look of inquiry toward Mason, whom she recognized as the chief attendant. She hesitated to put her question in words for fear the answer would be unfavorable, but the soldier read her thoughts and said in English to the lieutenant:

"You can tell her, sir, that there is little doubt but the boy will get well and in time recover the use of his leg. He is weak and thin from homesickness and the great loss of blood."

"Thank you, doctor," said Teresa in the same tongue. "That is good news. I feared he might not survive his wound."

"It was a close call, miss, but I did my best, and the boy's pluck and constitution have done more."

"How long before he can travel, doctor?"

"Beg pardon, miss, but you give me a title to which I have no claim. I am plain Private Mason of the army."

"Are the men of the army usually so skilled in the treatment of broken limbs?" asked the puzzled Teresa.

"Mason, Miss Valencia," replied the lieutenant, "did considerable service in field hospitals the two first years of the war, acquiring a good practical knowledge of gunshot wounds. He has been of great use to us in the valley."

"When do you think Ramon can be moved, Mr. Mason?"

"May I correct you again, Miss Valencia? I have as little right to be called mister as doctor. That title in the army belongs exclusively to the lieutenants. About the boy, I think he can leave the camp in a month if he can go in a carriage."

The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Cain, who announced that dinner was ready. The lieutenant conducted his companion to his cabin, where plates were set for two.

The valleys abound in game, and the commissary storeroom hung with venison and fowl in their season. Throughout the fall and until the recent snowstorm the company had been diligent in laying in supplies. Through Cain the cooks had learned of the lieutenant's proposed dinner to his guest, and they had voluntarily taxed their culinary skill to the utmost to do him credit. A couple of trout, fresh from the brook, a small roast of venison and a pheasant were the principal dishes.

The officer's camp chest had been exhausted of its resources in the attempt to do honor to Dona Teresa. Cain had achieved several original effects with commonplace material, and he waited upon the table with a zeal never before exhibited in the service of his employer.

It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that Raymer contemplated the beautiful girl sitting opposite him with an inward hope that the present moment might be prophetic of a future relationship. She showed no evidence of having been secluded from the society of gentlemen, but seemed as much at ease as any young lady in the list of his eastern acquaintances.

Conversation for awhile ran upon commonplaces, but before long the lieutenant asked how she came to be on the trail leading through his camp at the time of the rescue at Los Ojos Frios. Teresa replied that in company with an elderly maiden aunt she had been making a series of visits to relatives and former schoolmates in several towns along the Rio Grande, ending in the Rio Ariba at Abiqui; that upon leaving the latter place on their way home they concluded to take a short cut through Los Valles Grandes and visit an uncle, whom he had met at La Noca Grande—the priest at the Jemez pueblo. She had posted a letter to her parents before leaving Abiqui notifying them of her intention, but as the mail left once a fortnight they could not have received it until 13 days after she started. There was no mail service to the Indian pueblo of Jemez, all letters being sent there by special messenger. Her parents could not, therefore, even suspect her present plight unless Antonio and Manuel had gone safely through and reported. All of the escort were strangers whom her aunt had hired at Abiqui. Ramon and Juana were servants in her parents' household.

Everything had gone well until they reached a hamlet five miles north of Los Ojos Frios. There her aunt was taken sick and concluded it would be imprudent for her to continue the journey on horseback. After consultation it was decided that Teresa should go on to Jemez without delay, and that her aunt should as soon as she was able to take a carriage to Santa Fe.

It had not been the intention of the party to halt in the valley, but to pass the camp well to the east, stopping over night at Los Ojos Calientes, 12 miles to the south, and finishing the journey on the following day.

The start was made, and the party had nearly reached the cold springs when a body of 20 Navajoes was discovered in close pursuit, but by a great effort the cabins were gained and entered and the doors and windows barred.

The cabins being of adobe, there was little fear of immediate capture. When about to enter the houses, Teresa ordered Antonio to send one man or go himself for help to the camp in Los Valles Grandes, but not a man dared make the attempt. The boy Ramon volunteered, and after receiving hasty instructions dashed off, with half a dozen yelling savages at his heels.

"Much that I have told you already know," said Teresa. "What occurred after your arrival I need not repeat."

"Except to explain why you assumed the character of your aunt," suggested the lieutenant.

"I supposed we should continue our journey with but a few hours' delay in your camp, and I did not care to make the acquaintance of any one. An old and infirm woman would not invite attention."

"How well you did the character!"

"I used to do the old lady parts in amateur theatricals. I must have done well here, for you left me severely alone."

"Not more than you desired certainly."

"More than you would have done perhaps had you known I was younger."

"Very likely. Youth attracts youth, you know, but I think I offered La Senora Vieja considerably more attention than she was willing to receive," replied Raymer.

"That is true, and I assure you I always felt confident of kindly treatment from you under all circumstances."

"Thank you. Did you know who commanded here when you sent for assistance?"

"I learned that at La Roca Grande."

"Of course, and that reminds me that we can now clear up a few mysteries."

"Very well. Where is Vic? I have missed her ever since I came."

"I sent her to Santa Fe at the request of a friend who wanted her for a hunting trip."

"I looked for her when I dismounted, and I am sure I dreaded meeting her more than el comandante. She took a decided liking for me, you remember, and I felt sure she would penetrate my disguise if you did not. I had really resolved to deny her acquaintance and manifest a decided antipathy to dogs. I think if it had been necessary for preserving my incognito I could have pulled her tail or trod on her toes."

"And you seemed so fond of her too."

"Yes, the dear little doggie. Can I ever forget that but for her we should have lost our lives? Nine miles to camp and nine in return. Done as intelligently as if she were a human being. When will she be back, Mr. Raymer?"

"I expected her with the last express, but Mr. Reed wrote that he would send her next time. I was obliged to send her to Santa Fe by a wagon going for supplies, but she will follow the cavalrymen back."

"Did Sergeant Cunningham receive my medal?"

"I think not. The company presented the collar some time ago," replied Raymer.

"I ordered a platero in Albuquerque to make the medal and forward it to the sergeant by mail."

"Cain," said the lieutenant to his servant, "go to the orderly room and ask the sergeant if he has received a medal for Vic, and if he has to lend it to me for a few minutes." Then, turning again to his guest, he said, "How came you to be on the Roca Grande trail that day?"

"I had been visiting my mother's brother, Father Gutierrez, in company with a cousin of papa's, Sister Josepha, who, with another sister, went to Jemez on business of the church. The sisters were teachers of mine at the convent. I was on the trail with them because I was to accompany them to Santa Fe."

"You recognized me at La Roca?" asked Raymer.

"Yes. I knew all or nearly all of the officers at Santa Fe by sight. They were pointed out to me from the palace windows from time to time. Then I saw you when you punished the wagoner before the convent gates, and more recently I saw you ride across the fields at Jemez and into the plaza to rescue the Navajoes."

"You were at your uncle's, of course?"

"I was on the roof of his house with the sisters. We had bogged uncle to interfere for the protection of the Indians, and he and the sisters went to the chiefs of both Dominican and Jemez Pueblos and did all they could to prevent the outrage. It was useless. We were glad to see the soldiers appear in the distance."

"And still the men—perhaps the very husbands and fathers of the women and children we saved—did all they could to massacre us at the log cabin."

"Yes, such things are difficult to understand. I have never met more gentle, considerate and industrious people than the Navajoes in time of peace, and I cannot realize how they can be such fiends when on the warpath."

"It is a characteristic of all rude peoples. The white man behaved no better in the stone age," replied the lieutenant. Then, after a pause, he asked, "What prompted the sisters to veil and wrap you when they saw me on the trail that day?"

"An instinct of the recluse, the duena and the chaperon for one thing, a costumbre del pais for another."

"True. I know something of the society customs of the country."

Raymer did not pursue this topic further, for at this point Cain returned from the orderly room with a package from Sergeant Cunningham, who had been delayed by duty from sending it at once. The package had been received by the last express and contained Teresa's medal, a silver shield, engraved upon one side with her initials, T. I. V., in monogram. Upon the other side was a running dog, under which were the words, "La Heroina Victoriana, Oct. —, 1864."

"What a good likeness of Vic!" said Raymer. "Did you draw it?"

"I lined it with a pen upon paper," replied the young lady, "and the platero has engraved it faithfully. Then you really think there is a resemblance?"

"Even to the chip in her mouth and the message in her collar. No doubt Mistress Vic will be very proud of collar and medal."

The meal was at an end, and with a few words more on general topics Teresa retired to her cabin and the lieutenant to the orderly room, leaving Cain and Jenny to eat their dinner.

Supper time again found officer, guest and servitor gathered in the same cabin, Teresa pouring the tea and asking the conventional question:

"Will you take sugar and cream, Mr. Raymer?

"Both, if you please," answered the lieutenant, wondering if his Christian name would ever fall from those lips.

"How you must enjoy pouring your tea in this cozy cabin," said she.

"If I ever have enjoyed it, I shall hardly do so again after seeing you pour it. Besides I could never imagine that condensed milk to be cream."

"Not even the cream of a joke?"

"I may hereafter associate it with cream, but its relationship to that luxury has hitherto seemed somewhat strained."

"But your life in the valleys. Don't you enjoy this isolated and adventurous existence?"

"You were with me at La Roca Grande and at Los Ojos Frios. Those incidents of valley life I think you can bear witness were hardly conducive to hilarity or even quiet enjoyment."

"Of course I meant the more quiet phases, although I have no doubt even those experiences may be looked back upon with pleasure at your success in meeting and overcoming the threatening difficulties."

"I have not enjoyed the isolation certainly. I am a social animal. Still life here has many attractions, and there has been abundant adventure, spiced with danger. The trip to rescue you was pastime compared to most of them."

"Jenny has told me of the attack of 30 Navajoes upon the camp, the recapture of the Mexican flocks and herds, the affair in La Puerta and your escape from an ambuscade when fishing on the San Antonio. You are a hero in her eyes."

"But she could not tell you of my anxieties and the dull between times, when the monotony of life here can only be broken by hunting, fishing, scouting or going into the woods with the team."

"Is it monotony that can be so pleasantly broken? To fish where there are always fish to be caught; to hunt where there is such abundance and variety of game, and to scout through such beautiful mountain scenery can hardly be monotonous. It seems to me you have resources against ennui that some of your city friends would gladly exchange for their pleasures."

"Yes, a city man would enjoy the fishing and hunting as a recreation, I have no doubt, for he would be conscious of his power to leave it whenever he grew tired of it and feel that a world of other enjoyments awaited his return home. Perhaps I have little cause for complaint in summer, but in weather like this, and with no wandering maiden to entertain, I think you will admit that one can find time to be dull. Did you enjoy the isolation of your life in your cabin when masking as La Senora Vieja?"

"The cases are not parallel. They differ as prison life from liberty. The confinement was simply unendurable—a veritable solitary confinement, busy with thoughts of home and parents and how to reach them. To prevent discovery I had to remain closely in my room, with nothing to beguile the time—no books, no games, no work. I tried to find amusement in watching from my window the guard mountings, the relief of sentinels, the work of drawing and preparing logs for the fires. It was in this way that I learned your habits and knew when I might leave my cabin without risk of meeting you. One day I passed your door when it stood open, and Cain was putting the room in order. I caught a glimpse of your books. I cannot tell you how much I wanted one of them. You can guess perhaps, for I feloniously entered your domicile, and in the presence of your man purloined one. Then I returned that and took another, daring even to do so when Cain was absent, and so gradually became used to enacting the role of—of—appropriator. I found it quite easy to yield to a later temptation and sit by your pleasant fireside until it was nearly time for your return."

"But why did you put things in order?" asked Raymer. "That's what made you a victim of the military ogre."

"How delightfully disorderly you were, though! And so manlike! For some days I enjoyed seeing wearing apparel in all sorts of places, your toilet articles mingled sociably with stationery and shoe polish, but at last it distracted my attention from my reading. I yielded to a temptation to arrange things. The comfort consequent upon orderly surroundings and my absorption in the fortunes of heroes and heroines of romance made me oblivious to the flight of time. Your flank movement, too, made at an unexpected moment, betrayed me."

"I cannot regret the result, but I do regret that I did not think to send you some books and papers," said the young officer.

"You were not so considerate of La Senora Vieja as of La Senorita Joven," laughed Teresa.

"Quite as considerate as she would permit," returned the lieutenant.

"Of that I am a willing witness, Mr. Raymer."

"Besides I thought the old lady could understand no language but her own, and my books were nearly all English."

After supper Cain went to his quarters, while Jenny put the room in order and seated herself with some sewing. The young man and his guest drew their chairs to the hearth and continued their talk, returning at last to the all absorbing subject of her departure.

"How and when can I leave here, Mr. Raymer?" asked Teresa, all her sprightliness giving place to a mood of grave anxiety.

"You can ride on Ramon's horse. Your bagagge shall be packed on our mules. With an escort I can take you to Jemez in a day. When you can go depends upon the condition of the road and the weather."

"Is there no other way home except by Jemez?"

"Yes, by Santa Fe," replied Raymer. "You can forward a letter to the governor by our cavalry express, asking him to send an ambulance to the eastern slope of the range, and I can take you to meet it on the sled."

"The couriers are due next Saturday, I think."

"They will be here in four days and will leave two days afterward, reaching Santa Fe in the evening. If a carriage starts Tuesday, it will reach here Wednesday. You can leave Thursday morning and be in the city Friday night."

"Then if the weather becomes milder during the next six days I will go to Santa Fe."

"That will be the most comfortable and the safest way, I think."

"Isn't it strange we hear nothing from Jemez?" asked Teresa. "If my uncle knew I was here alone, I believe nothing could prevent him from coming to look me up. Antonio and Manuel must have perished on the road."

"I do not think so," replied Raymer. "If those men were like the one that ran off with Juana and the jewelry, it is quite probable they stole the mules and horses and avoided Jemez and Albuquerque."

"How unfortunate this journey has been!" sighed the girl, looking pensively into the glowing coals.

The lieutenant refrained from expressing his opinion on this point. He could scarcely be expected to consider the chance which brought Teresa Valencia to Los Valles Grandes an unmixed misfortune. He thought it would be one if she left, and he had no prospect of meeting her again. For her sake he regretted the vicissitudes which had stranded her in his camp, but he congratulated himself upon her presence and dared to hope the day might come when she, too, would not look upon her involuntary stay in the valley as unfortunate.

When Teresa bade him good night and left with her maid for her cabin, the lieutenant sat for a long time gazing into the expiring embers, going over for the hundredth time all the incidents connected with his acquaintance with Dona Teresa—the incident in church, the graduating exercises, the encounter with the wagon master, his futile attempts to meet her in Albuquerque, the report of her engagement and the singular chance which had brought her into the valley and left her alone in his camp. How long she might yet be compelled to stay was a question.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

General Booth, asked by a newspaper interviewer, "Do you think the millennium will come if the whole world is converted to the Salvation Army?" replied: "It would be very near at hand. If the newspaper men were converted, it would be a very long step in that direction." —Ram's Horn.

TO PROWL, MY CAT.

You are life's true philosopher,
An epicure of air and sun,
An egoist in sable fur,
To whom all moralists are one.

You hold your race traditions fast.
While others toil you simply live,
And, based upon a stable past,
Remain a sound conservative!

You see the beauty of the world
Through eyes of unalloyed content,
And, in my study chair upcurled,
Move me to pensive wonderment.

I wish I knew your trick of thought,
The perfect balance of your ways.
They seem an inspiration caught
From other laws in older days.

Your padded footsteps prowl my room
Half in delight and half disdain.
You like this air of studious gloom
When streets without are cold with rain.

Some day, alas! you'll come to die,
And I shall lose a constant friend.
You'll take your last look at the sky
And be a puzzle to the end.
—C. K. B. in London Spectator.

SHOSHONE FALLS.

Phenomena Which Give Rise to Stories About This Wonderland.

Strange stories are told of phenomena that appear at the Shoshone falls. Sometimes when the air is perfectly still the spray arises several hundred feet above the walls of the canyon and can be seen on the plains at a considerable distance. Then for days and weeks at a time there is scarcely any spray at all. Often the whole canyon around the falls will be filled with spray, and every bark and rock will drip with moisture. Again it will be as clear as a frosty night under the same conditions from influences that no one has been able to discover or explain.

Often above the monotone of the falling waters weird sounds may be heard unlike any that were ever named and can be compared to no other, and again from time to time a sudden throbbing is audible, measured by regular intervals, like the beating of a human pulse. These, too, proceed from no apparent cause, and science has been unable to solve their mistery.

At the crest of the highest rock in the center of the Shoshone falls is the nest of an eagle, and for 34 years the same bird has come regularly on the 26th, 27th or 28th of March to repair and reoccupy it and raise a brood of young. Charley Walgomet first noticed her when he located here in 1860. The nest was standing then, and as long as he lived there, until five years ago, he kept a record of her reappearance. She never varied more than three days in her arrival. Since his time the record has been kept by others, who testify to the same regularity.

The spray from the falls carries a sediment which clings like frost to the windows of the little hotel and can be scraped off with a knife. Mr. Keller, who keeps the place, says that they clean the glass every spring by laying the sashes flat and pouring upon them a solution of vinegar and salt. After they have soaked for three or four days the coating can be wiped off with a cloth, but in a few weeks the glass is covered again, as if it was frosted. The scrapings look like the dust of lime. The same sediment clings to the leaves of the trees and vegetables that are grown around the place and can be scraped off the rocks and the face of the bare clay. —Chicago Record.

Nature Pursues a Liar.

"The forces of the universe are in league against a lie," says Emerson, and what his terse, penetrating pen would find to say where the lying involves perhaps mortal danger to human beings we will not presume to say, but will illustrate our meaning as follows: In December, 1887, a child that had died in Connecticut of diphtheria was brought to Pittsfield, Mass., for burial. The parents came with the body to a house in Pittsfield, and a public funeral was held. Within a week and while the parents of the child still remained as visitors at the house a child who lived in the house was taken ill with diphtheria and died. Then came a humiliating confession from the Connecticut parents. They said that the symptoms of the second child were just like those of their own and finally acknowledged that arrangements had been made with the physician in attendance upon the case to write a certificate of death by bronchitis instead of diphtheria. Other cases followed in the same house. —Philadelphia Press.

Digestible Food.

One of the biggest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food to anybody is the measure of its digestibility. Half a pound of cheese is vastly more nourishing, as regards its mere composition, than half a pound of beef, but while the beef will be easily digested and thus be of vast service to us the cheese is put out of court altogether for ordinary folks by reason of its indigestibility. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect to their chemical value. —London Hospital.

Domestic Weather Prophets.

Probably everybody knows that there are hygroscopic plants which indicate more or less clearly the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere. A strip of seaweed hung in an exposed position frequently does duty as a popular and easily comprehended weather glass, although it may be doubted whether its predictions are of much value. More reliance can be placed in the behavior of a pine twig, which may very readily be pressed into service as a domestic weather prophet. —Cologne Gazette.

The mole is not blind, as many persons suppose. Its eye is hardly larger than a pinhead and is carefully protected from dust and dirt by means of inclosing hairs.

Mount Desert island was thus named by Champlain on account of its barren appearance.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Joseph Murphy in "Shaun Rhue."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Camille D'Arville Opera Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"On the Mississippi."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Mrs. Langtry in "Esther Sandraz."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Eddie Foy.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"The Dazzler."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Gus Williams.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

MEMORIAL TO FATHER BURKE.

The people of the city of Galway have begun a good work in subscribing for a memorial altar to perpetuate the fame of the great preacher and patriot, Rev. Thomas Burke, familiarly known as Father Tom Burke, O.P. Galway is the native city of the gifted divine, whose premature death deprived Ireland of one of her most resplendent intellectual beacon lights—a man who combined in his unique eloquence the glory of Grattan, the versatility of Curran and the wonderful native humor of O'Connell. Great as a preacher, Father Burke was equally great as a platform speaker, wherein he differed from Henry Ward Beecher and other noted pulpit orators who, as lecturers, were rather mediocre.

Father Burke's chief title to fame as an orator will rest, however, on his matchless discourses in refutation of the slanders of Froude uttered against the Irish race about twenty years ago. Froude came to this country fully equipped for warfare against our element, determined to humble us before the American people and to brand us as a race of poltroons and political idiots. In a word, he came here to do England's dirty work. That power had been jealous of the Irish-Americans since the period of the Civil war, when the widely recognized loyalty and valor of the Irish brigades and regiments in the Union Army had effectually killed the Knownothing python. Perhaps at no period of their history were Irish-Americans more popular with their fellow citizens than at the time when Froude undertook to destroy their military and political reputation in the United States. Froude was an orator as well as a "historian." He had more than an international reputation, and a man of equal fame, if he could be procured, was needed to champion the Irish side of the question. In this extremity, the late John Mitchel and Father Tom Burke, who were both in New York at that period, got together and consulted. Mitchel had all the facts at his fingers' ends, but he was in poor physical condition and, at best, was more of a vigorous conversationalist than a platform speaker. Father Burke, on the other hand, was in the prime of life, and, as a public speaker, had no superior on this or any other continent. He had not made Irish history a particular study, but he was well grounded in it, for all that, and any "points" he might be rusty upon, or that were flashed at the public by Froude, as a matter of strategy, Mitchel was there to supply. However, the great preacher did not have much need to call upon the veteran patriot-historian, and Father Burke's lectures in reply to Froude will ever be his most glorious monument. They were not alone eloquent, but also logical and convincing. The American press took up the controversy, and gave both stories with admirable impartiality. In the end, Father Burke won, and Froude returned to England a broken orator and a discredited historian. No wonder that Ireland, and the Irish people everywhere, went wild over the noble Dominican, and that he has been, whether living or dead, ever since their idol. No standard can measure his services to the Irish race, because they were immeasurable. Had Froude's slanders gone unrefuted, the injury to us as an element would have been incalculable. He sought to put the brand of cowardice on a race as martial as any earth has borne, and his lying tongue was cut out of his foul throat by the shearing blade of "Father Tom."

It is no wonder, then, that Galway honors this great son of hers, and that all Ireland and all people of Irish blood, should respond "Amen." THE CITIZEN directs attention to the report of the Galway meeting published elsewhere, and heartily endorses the sentiment of the speeches uttered and the resolutions passed there.

POOR JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

It is somewhat difficult to imagine why Justin McCarthy, novelist and litterateur, ever became Justin McCarthy politician and figurehead. That able and intellectual gentleman, in the literary sense, is neither able nor intellectual in the political. In this, nearly all men are seemingly agreed. Even the British "Liberal" papers regard Mr. McCarthy as a square peg in a round hole. He cannot square the political circle. Hence, unlike "Great Cæsar dead and turned to clay," he cannot "stop a hole to keep the wind away." The partisan and non-partisan breezes equally sweep around him and blow him off his feet. This is the estimate of Mr. McCarthy, as a leader, made by a Scottish Whig paper, the *Evening News* of Edinburgh:

"As head of the Irish party, Mr. Justin McCarthy is incongruity personified. A mild-mannered, spectacled gentleman as head of a set of turbulent politicians reminds one forcibly of a hen among a brood of ducklings. The motherly old hen has about as much influence over the acquatic instincts of her troublesome brood as Mr. McCarthy has over the Donnybrook instincts of his followers. The Irish leader's address to his party yesterday was sensible but colorless. Its influence is likely to be as faint as that of a Quaker in a street fight. For the moment the combatants cease their rowdyism, listen respectfully to the man of peace, and resume their headsplitting when he retires. It does not seem to Mr. McCarthy that the disorganized state of his party is mainly due to himself. Mr. Parnell was a born political pilot. He knew every rock on the voyage, and he knew and controlled the mutinous crew. Mr. McCarthy is an amiable figurehead. To do him justice, he is tired of being a figurehead. He is not under any delusion as to his political capacity. Mr. McCarthy quite realizes the fact that his leadership is an unreality. He reigns, but does not govern. It is understood that if Mr. McCarthy resigned the candidates for the office would be so numerous, and the fight so fierce, that the outcome might be a tragedy of the Kilkenny cat sort on a large and imposing scale."

MAJOR M'CLURE'S EXPLANATION.

Maj. W. C. McClure is one of the best known Irish-Americans in the United States. He is an old and respected citizen of Chicago, where he has resided since 1868. Everybody who knows the Major knows that he is one of the best natured men in the world and easily imposed upon, when humanity appeals to him—especially female humanity. He has received considerable abuse in the Chicago daily papers of late because of his interference in behalf of one Halloran, and we are glad to observe in the *Herald* of Tuesday the following frank and manly statement of the case:

"Major W. C. McClure, who secured the release from jail of James Halloran, against whom there were nine indictments for horse stealing and burglary, walked into Inspector Shea's office last night and asked if he was wanted by the police. 'If there is a warrant or an indictment for me I want to be taken into custody,' said the major. 'I have friends who will go my bonds for $100,000.' 'There is no warrant for you, Major,' said Inspector Shea; 'why do you ask?' 'Some of the newspapers,' the Major went on to say, 'have published that I was charged with conspiring to secure James Halloran's escape from justice. I have been shamefully maligned. I did ask for clemency for Halloran, who was under indictment for horse stealing, but I did not know there were nine indictments against him. I happened to say a good word to Judge Dunne for Halloran, because I had known Halloran's two sisters for several years. They are women of excellent character. Early in November they came to me as an old friend and told me of their brother's trouble. I had never seen him or heard aught against his reputation. The sisters claimed Halloran was not exactly bright, and had taken a horse and buggy one night while under the influence of liquor. They said he was not accountable for his actions and the man who owned the rig did not care to prosecute. The horse and buggy had been recovered, and Halloran, I was told, expressed penitence. I was asked to go before Judge Dunne and ask clemency. I believed what the sisters had told me, and promised to see the judge. Now, if I had known of there being nine indictments against Halloran, I would certainly have refused to intercede for him. It was the first time in my life I ever went before any judge to ask clemency for a thief, but I thought there were mitigating circumstances in Halloran's case.

"'Nov. 14 I was in court with the prisoner's sisters, and in the presence of Assistant State's Atterney Morrison, I told Judge Dunne what the sisters had told me. To my request for clemency the court said he would postpone the case until the next day to inquire into its merits. The judge asked Assistant State's Attorney Morrison to send for the indictment—not the indictments, mark you. The judge himself did not know there was more than one indictment against Halloran. At 10 o'clock the next morning the case was called again. Judge Dunne asked for the prosecutor, Mr. Freeman. Bailiff Carney said he had notified Mr. Freeman to be on hand. The case was then put over until the afternoon, when Bailiff Carney told the court that Freeman would not prosecute. At this Assistant State's Attorney Morrison asked that the case be stricken from the docket. It seems to me as if I have been made a scapegoat in this matter by someone. Mr. Morrison is reported to have said I made false representations to him. It was his business to know there were nine indictments against Halloran.'"

It seems to THE CITIZEN that Major McClure's statement is not alone clear but convincing. That there was a blunder all around may be easily admitted, but that there was any criminal intent on the part of anyone who procured the release of Halloran, nobody who knows the parties will believe. The fact appears to be that Halloran is a foxy fellow, who managed to pull the wool over the eyes of the several court officers in a very workmanlike manner. The best thing to do is to let the matter drop, and if Halloran comes to trial again, even things up according to the law.

JOE MURPHY'S "SHAUN RHUE."

Mr. Joseph Murphy will appear in the wonderful comic character of "Shaun Rhue" at Hooley's next Sunday evening and all of next week. This is one of the great comedian's most stirring impersonations, and always crowds the house. In it the shrewdness, drollery, wit and courage of the adventurous Irishman are faithfully represented, and the auditor, from first to last, is kept in a condition of vivid interest. Shaun Rhue is an inspiration. There had been nothing like it on the boards before Mr. Murphy's time, and it has no rival, except the companion play of "The Kerry Gow," at the present period. No reader of THE CITIZEN should miss this great and attractive play. On Sunday evening, Dec. 23, Mr. Murphy will present "The Donagh," which has been remodeled and rewritten, and is now one of the best Irish plays on the boards.

FENIAN SENTIMENT IN IRELAND.

At a meeting commemorative of the death of P. W. Nally, held in Dublin recently, John O'Leary, one of the famous men of '67, presided and a lecture on "True Nationality" was delivered by Mr. P. N. Fitzgerald. The chairman was, as usual, with him, frank and decided in his views, and among the remarks he made were the following:

"They might all, he thought, be able to form a shrewd guess of what he took to be true nationality. (Hear, hear.) His whole life had been before them, and the greater part of it, unfortunately, was behind himself, and what little of the future remained to him would, he hoped, in no sense belie his past. (Applause.) He had thought, however, that he might say some few words upon a more pressing and present subject, viz, false nationality. In fact, this was a comparatively easy, if a very painful, thing to talk about, for they had only to look around them in the Ireland of today to see all shapes and forms of false nationality. (A Voice—The Federatition.) When turning over in his own mind what he should say to them upon this subject, he opened a book and found in it this extract—'Englishmen may find it instructive to note how completely the passionate aspirations of the days before Mr. Gladstone's policy was promulgated have come to harmonize with sentiments of kinship with the British people without losing anything of their own tenderness.' Well, there they had the new doctrine of the union of hearts in its most naked and unadulterated form. And who was the author of this disgusting specimen? Well, he was a few years ago, perhaps, the most popular man in Ireland, and certainly far and away the best brass-banded and tar-barreled man in the country. He need scarcely tell them he was alluding to the rhetorical and hysterical Mr. William O'Brien. (Hisses.) Well, he laid down this book and took up a morning paper, and there he came across a speech which was delivered in Dublin, and here was the account of Nationality he found in it—'They were forging ahead (that was the so-called Nationalists), slowly forging ahead. They might not settle the question (the home rule question.) It might be left for their descendants to do so. He did not recognize at present that the Irish people were in any cruel or complicated situation. They might struggle for years before they again got a position as powerful for liberty for Ireland as they had now. Their position was now one of dominant masterfulness and triumph.' This was received with applause by the audience, and certainly if they were satisfied with that position they were easily pleased. Well, this was the utterance of the man who, if not the head of his party, was the biggest head among them. He need scarcely say he was alluding to the hero of Committee Room 15, the hero of the Leinster Hall and many meetings in Ireland, the celebrated Mr. Timothy Healy." (Laughter.)

Mr. Fitzgerald, in the course of his lecture, gave utterance to some pointed and remarkable sentiments, thus:

"Expediency men they had in plenty, moralizing theorists plenty, but men of action, like Nally, were few indeed. (Hear, hear.) No platform or lip patriot, he belonged to the school of Tone and Mitchel, and the creed their successors of '65 taught. He (the speaker) was pleased that the city of Dublin, its faith and manhood, could still sympathize with those pure and unselfish patriots' principles. After a few years' operations of the Land League, Nally and others saw evidence of its denationalizing the manhood of Ireland as well as his own Mayo. Agitation built its platform on the honesty of the peasant by Nationalist support in Ireland, and the golden stream of American dollars that filled its treasury was often used to make agitators of Nationalists. Hence the dry rot that crept into the National opinion in Ireland. Agitation to his mind had demoralized the manhood of Ireland, scattered its youth all over the world, and gave a begging tendency to those who remained behind. The promise of the hat going eternally around was enough to unman any people though we boast we have the finest peasantry in the world. What had agitation, or what he would call false Nationality, accomplished for the past fifteen years? To his mind it had driven the country once more backward to Whiggery. (Hear, hear.) It had got a few reformed land bills; it had created public friction in Ireland by its slavish acceptance of Nonconformist orders from English Liberal statesmen (hear, hear), and by its bit-by-bit policy of agitation it had created some ignorant J. P's. in the country."

ITALY'S BURDENS.

Surely nothing can be more discouraging, from the governmental standpoint, than the present deplorable condition of the finances of Italy. Its membership in the Triple Alliance against France is costing that country dear. The budget for 1895-6, says a telegram from Rome, dated the 10th inst., was presented to the chamber of deputies today by Sig. Sonnino, minister of finance, who explained that the deficit was estimated at 70,740,000 lire ($14,148,000). He added that economies would be effected in all the government departments, and that the total sum thus saved would amount to 53,000,000 lire ($10,600,000). Of this sum 20,000,000 lire ($4,000,000) would be saved by reducing the expenditures for the account of the army and navy. The sum of 27,000,000 lire ($5,400,000) would be raised by the duties on raw cotton and refined sugar, by a proportionate increase in the duties on raw sugar, cocoons, and grain, and by fresh taxation on match-boxes and on the consumption of gas and electric light by private persons.

When it comes down to taxing match boxes, gas and electric lights, it becomes evident that the bottom has pretty well fallen out of the kingdom of Italy. No people can stand such imposts patiently for any length of time. Italy is fast heading toward revolution or bankruptcy.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON TURKISH ATROCITY.

The recent horrors perpetrated by Turkish troops and Kurds on the inoffensive Christians of Bulgaria has awakened the attention of the world. People of all nations, except the Turkish, have met, passed resolutions and invited the action of their respective governments in behalf of the unfortunate Armenians. Among the American communities that have vehemently denounced Turkish tyranny are Chicago, Boston and New York. On Monday evening, Baltimore added itself to the list in a gigantic meeting held in the principal hall of the city. Attorney-General Pope presided, stirring speeches were made, strong resolutions passed, and the following letter from Cardinal Gibbons was read amid great applause:

"BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 10.—*John Pope, Esq., Chairman—Dear Sir:* I regret my inability to attend the meeting to be held this evening to protest against the alleged outrages recently committed in Armenia. The reports of these outrages have been published with harrowing details throughout the civilized world, and I am not aware that these circumstantial details have been successfully denied. The Christians of Armenia have been conspicuous among their Oriental coreligionists for their enlightened and progressive spirit. It is earnestly to be hoped that these alleged deeds of lawless violence will be thoroughly investigated in a calm and dispassionate spirit, so that the whole truth may be brought to light and that outraged law may be vindicated. The recital of these inhuman cruelties is calculated to fill every generous heart with righteous indignation. The commercial and social ties that now bind together the human families quicken our sympathies for our suffering brethren, although separated from us by ocean and mountain; and this sympathy is deepened by the consideration that many of their countrymen have cast their lot among us, and that they and their persecuted brethren are united to us in the sacred bonds of a common Christian faith. It is gratifying to note from recent publications that a mixed commission to make a thorough investigation has been appointed by the Sublime Porte. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully in Christ,

JAMES (CARDINAL) GIBBONS.

THE Irish-American Lyceum held its regular meeting at Columbia Hall on Monday evening, Dec. 10. There was a very large audience and an interesting programme, including a debate on the address of Hon. Wm. Dillon, president of the Lyceum. A full report of the proceedings will appear in our next issue.

ROSEBERY'S majority in the House of Commons, England, is now reduced to about ten votes, owing to the loss by "the Liberals" of two by-elections, and the defection of the nine Redmondite Irish members. This means an early dissolution, and the Liberal "Whigs" are frantically urging all their supporters to be present at the opening of Parliament on Feb. 5. Among those who have been summoned is Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., the poet and lecturer, whose tour in this country will have to be cut short on this account. Mr. Sullivan might as well remain here. The Rosebery government is doomed, and will leave behind it a do-nothing record.

THE following appeared in *Reynolds' Newspaper*, London, in answer to a correspondent: "France, we believe, takes the lead. You must bear in mind that the country is much larger than Great Britain and that part of it produces very salable export crops—wines, for example. There are no less than four and a half millions of acres in French vineyards, estimated to produce about 662,247,000 gallons of wine per annum, some of it of very choice vintage. A good authority gives the following basis of comparison as to the capital sunk in and products of the soil of the respective countries. Great Britain, capital, £2,287,000,000; gross yearly product, £251,000,000. France, capital £3,229,000,000; gross yearly product, £440,000,000. We have not got the figure of the rentals, but you can estimate from above."

LORD CROSS, a Tory peer, and a knight of Victoria's garter, expressed himself in favor of the reform of the house of lords. He would suggest that one-half of the peers should be elected by the votes of the upper and middle classes of Britain and Ireland. This is a very radical statement emanating, as it does, from such a source.

STATISTICS, published regarding the mortality attending the various wars of the century, reveal the curious fact that in spite of improved weapons and methods, the proportion of those killed in battle has steadily decreased. In Napoleon's wars, the killed were 1 in 28, in the Crimean war 1 in 35, in the American war 1 in 53; while in the South American conflicts, which have taken place since 1890, the ratio has fallen to 1 in 79. These figures will come as a revelation to most persons. The general idea was that two out of every three soldiers, engaged in a war, were numbered among "the unreturning brave." Some surprise was lately manifested when it was discovered by a compiler of statistics on the subject, that 79 per cent of Arctic explorers returned alive, to tell more or less unvarnished tales of their adventures. Now it seems that war is no more deadly.

THE patriotic Irish-Americans of Youngstown, Ohio, celebrated the Manchester Martyrs anniversary with eclat. Mr. P. Hagan presided and the orator of the occasion was Mr. Thomas MacNamara. We regret that pressure on our space precludes a more lengthy report of the proceedings.

ONE J. L. Grant, who dates a letter from No. 419 Wells street, is scandalized because a room in the City hall has been given for the accommodation of a Gaelic class once a week or so. THE CITIZEN has no doubt that the same courtesy would be extended to a Greek, Polish, French, German, Scotch or English class, if asked for. Mr. Grant has a Celtic name himself—the Grants are an old Highland Clan—and should not be too narrow in his sympathies. Let him go to the City hall and learn the language of his sires. We have no objection if he should appear there in a kilt and tartan.

THE ANCIENT ORDER.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—Division No. 1 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians is determined to be the banner division of the order, and to achieve that distinction, purposes to add to its membership before the 17th of March 100 good, staunch Irishmen. The regular meeting was held in their hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 5, at which ten candidates were initiated, all of whom are young men who give promise of becoming most enthusiastic and energetic members. State President John T. Keating was present at the meeting, and was enthusiastically received; he made a spirited address, full of encouragement and hope for the future of the grand old order. He was followed by Mr. M. J. Maloney, who also made an interesting speech, in which he advocated the establishment of a "Labor Bureau" in connection with the County Board.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Michael J. Maloney; vice-president, Thomas A. Beckett; recording secretary, Michael Toohey; financial secretary, Michael Tevitt; treasurer, Jeremiah O'Brien; chairman of standing committee, Edward Quinn; sergeant-at-arms, J. T. Fitzgerald.

State Delegate Keating was very much pleased at the selection of officers, and complimented the division on the wisdom of their selection, he spoke flatteringly of President-elect Maloney, who is a young lawyer of good standing at the bar and a pronounced Irish Nationalist, who always has advocated the elevation of the Irish race in America, but is strongly opposed to the nomination of an inferior class of Irishmen who, as he often expressed it, "do not elevate the race, but rather trail it in the mire." Altogether, Division No. 1 has good reason to congratulate itself on its excellent board of officers, and we feel sure if they work as they should, they will have a splendid membership in a little while. Situated as they are, and surrounded by so many Irish churches, they should be able to build up at least three or four healthy divisions in that district, and it is earnestly to be hoped Division No. 1 will shortly be the parent of four good, strong divisions of the A. O. H. Yours, etc. ALTHONE.

"OH, TELL ME."

[*To the Editor.*]

SOUTH BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 7, '94.—In your issue of Dec. 1 appears a poem entitled "Oh, Tell Me," signed "A Friend," and clipped from the *Western People*, Ballina, Ireland. I am the author of that poem, which was entitled "Queries." During my residence in Lausanne, Switzerland, in the summer of 1885, I contributed to the pages of *United Ireland*, and it was reproduced over my name by THE CITIZEN at the time, as well as by several other Irish-American newspapers. EUGENE DAVIS.

OBITUARY.

MR. PETER O'CONNOR.

Mr. Peter O'Connor, father of Rev. Michael F. O'Connor, S.J., and of Mrs. M. J. Geraghty, No. 457 Twelfth street, died at his residence, No. 54 Johnson street, Dec. 3. The death of Mr. O'Connor was to himself exceptionally consolatory and to the friends who witnessed it, foreshadowing of the eternal happiness to which a life of virtue and Christian effort had entitled him. On the day preceding his death his reverend son reached Chicago to conduct a retreat for the Ladies of the Sacred Heart order in their convent on Taylor street. As a day providentially intervened before the commencement of the retreat it was devoted by the priest to a dying father who had lavished upon him when a boy, that religious inculcation and parental affection which inspired him with a vocation for the sacred order of Jesus, of which he is one of the most able and zealous propagandists. No death could be more pathetically edifying than that of the old gentleman as sitting in an easy chair his immortal soul passed from its earthly tenement to its eternal home with the final benediction of the church pronounced by his consecrated son.

The funeral services were like his death calculated to awaken the tenderest emotions of the soul. His son as high priest, sang solemn high mass for the eternal peace of his dead father, the Rev. Fathers Dowling and Condon officiating as deacon and sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were a large number of the secular clergy, prominent among whom was the Very Rev. P. J. Muldoon chancellor of the diocese. The large funeral cortege, comprising hundreds of the oldest citizens, bore eloquent testimony to the estimation which the deceased had earned for himself as an American citizen and an Irish patriot. He was a lineal descendant of the heroic O'Connor Faily, of Kings county, Ireland, who with the famous Richard Tyrrell, of Westmeath, cut to pieces in 1597 the Anglo-Irish contingent of Barnewell Baron of Trimbleston, who was marching to the aid of the Elizabethan army of subjugation. Tyrrell and young O'Connor Faily allowed but one of Barnewell's force of 1,000 men to escape death, and that was the son of the Baron of Trimbleston, who was sent a prisoner to the great Hugh O'Neill of Tir Owen, then waging a triumphant war against the power of the *Colough Rhue*, as Elizabeth was designated by the Irish. M'Geohagan relates an unique story in relation to young O'Connor Faily on the day of the battle; so long and desperately did he fight that his hand swelled in the guard of his sword, from which it could not be extricated without the employment of a file. From that gallant Sept did Mr. O'Connor spring. But the ancient aristocracy of Ireland were patrimonially obliterated, for in the words of Dean Swift, they could only be found "in the coalquays and in the Liberties," the most impoverished and obscure parts of Dublin.

That Tired Feeling which is so common and so overpowering, is entirely driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes weakness.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c. a box.

P. F. RYAN & CO.

P. F. Ryan & Co., West Madison and Peoria streets, are outdoing themselves this season in the vast quantity and endless variety of goods they have placed before their army of customers. The head of the enterprising firm, Mr. P. F. Ryan, has the high distinction of being the foremost Irish-American dry goods merchant in Chicago, and second to no man of any race in business ability. His West Madison street emporium offers this Christmas such holiday bargains as have never been equalled, and we refer our readers to the advertisement of the firm, which appears on the 5th page in, confirmation of our statement. Not alone in the matter of dry goods, but also in shoes, groceries and other popular necessities does the firm of P. F. Ryan & Co. excel. They have won high rank in the commercial world, and they deserve the success they have achieved.

Holiday Excursion Rates via the Northwestern Line.

On Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25 and 31, 1894, and Jan. 1, 1895, the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets at very favorable rates, good for return passage until Jan. 2, 1895, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

WHERE SLEEPS EMMET?

This Is a Question as Difficult to Answer as It Is to Point Out the Grave of Moses, the Deliverer.

William J. Fitzpatrick, the Historian and Antiquary, Inclines to Think the Weight of Evidence Points to St. Catherine's Churchyard, Off Thomas Street, Dublin.

Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.—*Thomas Moore.*

The mystery enshrouding Emmet's grave threatens to become almost as impenetrable as that which shall ever darken the last resting place of Moses—if one may without profanity name both subjects in the same breath. Several graveyards have been pointed to from time to time as enshrining the mortal part of Robert Emmet, but careful inquiry on my part has failed to establish satisfactorily these claims. My researches on the subject began thirty years ago. A thick portfolio of original MS. notes records the testimony of men who are no longer among us to tell what they knew. I willingly yield to the suggestion kindly offered by a cultured Irishman to put in print the result of my inquiries. St. Michan's, St. James', St. Peter's, old Glasnevin, even Bully's Acre, have been named as the place of Emmet's sepulture, and in a succeeding paper I purpose to deal with their claims. The present, as will be seen, has to do with St. Catherine's.

One day in 1866 a letter reached me from the late J. Houston Caulfield, D.L., father of Col. Caulfield, now Viscount Charlemont, but his claims to respect rested not on hereditary descent. He was a man of culture, who took a deep interest in the romantic story of Robert Emmet, especially in his love for Sarah Curran. Caulfield happened to be church-warden of St. Catherine's in 1866, and told me that according to what he had heard, Emmet was buried in its graveyard in a leaden coffin. A proffer of facilities to open the grave and seek to settle the vexed question by an examination of the remains was the result of an interview with Caulfield, but we both concurred as to the expediency of keeping the operation private. Before taking the proposed step, I wrote to elicit the impression of the then Vicar of St. Catherine's, who thus replied:

DUBLIN, 24 Blackhall street, Oct. 22, 1866.—*Dear Sir:* In reply to your inquiry about Emmet's grave, there is not any mention in the registry of burials belonging to St. Catherine's parish of the interment having taken place in St. Catherine's churchyard, and there is not any stone or other visible memorial in the graveyard to testify the event. I am, yours faithfully, ROBERT VANCE.
William J. Fitzpatrick, Esq.

But in a personal communication to the author, Mr. Vance said that a tradition of Emmet's burial in St. Catherine's was preserved by its then sexton, who had heard it from his predecessor, and that some persons had even gone so far as to point out the spot.

On asking Mr. Hamilton, the sexton, who, like Mr. Vance, is since dead, the grounds of his impressions, they seem to be these: "An old man named Henry Chaney, who had formerly been in the yeomanry, and had afterward acted as gravedigger at St. Catherine's, sought him in 1850, and, having pointed out the spot where he said Emmet reposed, expressed a wish that when his own hour came he should be buried beside it. He said that over Emmet's grave a weeping ash had been planted, which, like the mourning girl to whom he was betrothed, pined away and died."

The old man, who seemed in bad health, having stated his last wishes, tottered from the scene, and not long after his own corpse arrived for interment.

In digging the grave for Chaney nothing particular turned up; but subsequently interring a man named Saul close to the spot, the sexton came upon a leaden coffin, although no stone marked the spot above. This was regarded as a very unusual circumstance in that burial place; and it was argued that any person who could afford a leaden coffin could very well afford a tombstone.

Though I had great doubts myself on the subject, I felt it a duty to make every possible investigation. A day was named for the disinterment, and with locked gates and closed doors operations began in the presence of the Rev. J. Quintin, the Rev. Dr. Lefane, Mr. J. H. Caulfield, D.L., Dr. Monks and the present writer—and all, with the exception of the last, are now dead. Peals of the fine organ of St. Catherine's church, as they swept through the graveyard, lent to our work additional solemnity.

The interest felt was quite unconnected with any sympathy arising from popular politics.* The romantic history of Emmet, the spotless purity of his life, which his college friend, Moore, said formed a prominent feature in his character, his youth, talents, eloquence, disinterestedness, untimely and cruel end, the rank he occupied in society and at college, and the passionate devotion which subsisted between him and Sarah Curran, the romance with which in prose and verse his name has been so long invested, all combined to enshroud his memory and relics with a high degree of interest.

Some went so far as to say that the tress of Sarah Curran's hair which the governor of Kilmainham declared Emmet was plaiting on the morning of his execution would still be found resisting the ravages of time, and it was expected that his boots with tassels, as well as other portions of his costume worn on the same mournful occasion, would also appear.

The sexton having failed to mark the precise spot where he had found the leaden coffin was obliged to trust solely to his impression as to its position, and, after having opened the ground in three places—the excavation resembling the cutting of a narrow land drain—without finding the object of our search, the work was adjourned to the following day. The work was in progress for some time when an eminent surgeon joined us. All seemed sanguine of success except myself, at whose expense the excavation was prosecuted, but I had resolved to leave no stone unturned, or rather no "lap of clay" to quote the phrase in Gray's Elegy—in trying to settle the question. So sure of success was the eminent surgeon present that he vainly urged me, as I helped to ply the spade, to have a photographer in attendance, saying, "no doubt the hermetically sealed state of the leaden coffin would lend to the preservation of the corpse in a state of adiposcire, or waxy condition, which on exposure to the air would immediately dissolve. The height of Emmet was known to have been five feet eight, and in aid to identification, tapes were ready to measure the coffin. It was further expected that marks of the ax at the base of the skull would appear.

The excitement attendant on the Fenian trials of 1866 was then at its height. The back windows of the houses in Thomas court and adjoining lanes overlooked the churchyard, and the tedious progress of exhumation then going on could not possibly have escaped attention. It was suggested that the inquiry should be relinquished until some future time when the state of the popular mind should have been less inflamed. That the search did not extend a third day need not, I think, be much regretted by those oversanguine of a sensational discovery.

Mr. Hamilton, the sexton, said that had the leaden coffin been found it would then be easy to see whether it inclosed the remains of a decapitated rebel. It was usual, he said, to inter them in their clothes, and with the head placed between their knees.

To account for the mysterious disappearance of the leaden coffin from the position in which, according to the sexton's belief, it lay, he expressed to me a suspicion that during its exposure in digging Saul's grave a dishonest assistant stole the lead.

The statement that Emmet is buried in St. Catherine's seems at the first glance to be invested with probability. This well-walled graveyard is situated within a few yards of the scaffold on which he died, and it might have struck those interested in preserving the peace of Dublin that any parade of Emmet's remains through the streets at a period of excitement should be deprecated. But the government, I am well aware, had no such fears. Mr. Hamilton erred in stating that Chaney was in the yeomanry in Emmet's time. The Burial Register of St. Catherine's records, under date 1853—"Henry Chaney, Coal Alley, aged 64 years," which would show him to have been a boy of 14 in 1803. But possibly I may be able to make more clear the statement connecting a yeoman with Emmet's death and burial. Details, from frequent oral repetition and lapse of years and weakening memories, are likely to get mixed up. In "Ireland Before the Union," pp. 88-9, I quote from information given to me by Mr. Flanagan, sexton of St. Werburgh's, who in the sixties was an octogenarian. He told me that he had served in Alderman Carleton's yeomanry corps and was present at Emmet's trial and execution.

"He was a very courageous young man," added the sexton, "and no one living can describe the effect of his last speech on the listeners. He walked backward and forward in the dock—his arms outstretched and his eye blazing with a wild, beautiful expression. They gave him short time; he was escorted to Thomas street by the soldiers, and not one could come within several hundred yards of the scaffold. He looked at no one in the crowd, but stood calm and erect. When he was hanged the executioner cut off his head with a knife and held it in four different directions, crying, 'Behold the head of a traitor.'"

The late J. K. Casey, the poet, better known by his nom de plume of "Leo," asked Mr. Flanagan if the remains had not been buried in Bully's acre. He answered:

"No, sir. He was buried to my knowledge inside St. Catherine's gate in the dead of night."

"But Dr. Madden says"——

"No matter what anyone says," interrupted Mr. Flanagan, "there he was buried just beside the spot of his execution; whether he was removed from it or not, I can't tell. This I am certain of."

"I said no more to him, as I saw no use in pursuing the matter any further," adds Mr. Casey, who at my request put the detail in writing. He told his recollections of Dublin in the old days, of its families and its tragedies—its marriages and executions. I felt a kind of awe for the good old man who outlived so many troublesome days. Corpse after corpse passed into the graveyard, foot after foot entered the church, and he was there still, listening to the babblings of another generation in the schoolroom, which is situated in the centre of the graves."

Alderman Meagher, J. P., wholly unaware of the evidence already in my hands favoring the idea that Emmet sleeps in St. Caterine's, stated to me in August, 1886, the following fact, which he sa'd I ought to know: A Mr. O'Brien, who forty years ago was an aged and faithful officer of the old Hibernian Gas Company, declared to him more than once, "I am the last of four men who in the dead of the night buried the remains of Emmet in St. Catherine's graveyard." Mr. Meagher had long regarded Mr. O'Brien, who was a collector for the company above mentioned, as a man of undoubted respectibility and good faith.

So many skeleton hands pointing toward the old graveyard of St. Catherine is certainly a remarkable circumstance, but without a more complete revision the evidence cannot be deemed conclusive.

The *Irish Times* of Dec. 15, 1886, records: Dec. 14, at his residence, No. 37 Thomas court, Andrew Hamilton, aged 68 years, connected with St. Catherine's church for the past forty-three years; deeply mourned and universally regretted.—*J. W. Fitzpatrick, in the Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

*NOTE—Emmet's father had been an eminent physician, who filled the office of Physician-in-Ordinary to the King of Ireland.

Low Rate Excursions to the West.

On Dec 4 and 18, 1894, the Northwestern Line will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion tickets from stations in Illinois and Iowa to points in Nebraska, Wyoming and the Black Hills district of South Dakota at very low rates for the round trip; tickets good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of sale. For tickets and detailed information apply to agents of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Ag so dán aisteach, agallamh no cómhráidh idir mhnaoi agus fear, mar fághmaoid é i bhfilidheacht gach tire ó aimsir Horatius go h-aimsir Thomáis Ui Mhórdha, agus mar bhéidh sé chomh fad a's tá fir agus mná ann. Fuair mé é i litir do sgriobh duine éigin go d-tí an sean Náisiún an uair bhí Tomás Dáibhis agus Gabhán O'Dubhthaigh 'gá stiúrughadh, ag sáil, mar is cosmhúil, go g-cuirfidis i g-cló dhó é. Is fiú a rádh ann so go raibh leath do na h-Eireannaighaibh, ar an laghad, ag labhairt Gaedhilge 'san am sin, agus gur cuireadh mór-chuid Gaedhilge, abhráin agus uile shórt de'n Náisiún lé Gaedheilgtheóraibh ar fud na tire. Is dóigh go m-béidheadh siad clóbhuailte ann dá m-beidheadh aon duine ar an b-páipeur d'fheudfadh a dhéanamh, óir bhí Tomás Dáibhis ancharthanach do'n teangaidh, acht is dóigh n. 'h raibh aon duine aca leis an g-cló do cheartughadh, agus leis sin is dóigh nach raibh aon chló Gaedhilge aca. Dubhairt an fear do chuir an dán so chuca gur mar so do rinneadh é. Bhí Tadhg O'Doirnin, a deir sé—acht ni'l fhios agam cia an O'Doirnin é—ag siúbhal tré Eirinn agus tháinig sé go teach Ui Luinin, no Lindon. Bhí O'Luinin, 'nna "bhiadhtach," is é sin fear a raibh teach osgailte aige ag tabhairt bidh agus didinn i n-aisge do lucht-siúbhalta na sláthe. Chuaidh O'Doirnin asteach agus tar éis na scire no an t-suipéir, do cuireadh cláirseach ann a láimh, mar budh gnáthach ann san tir 'san am sin, le feicsint ar mhian leis ceol do dheanamh. Ni raibh coles ag aon duine 'san tigh ar O'Doirnin, agus bhí iongantas mór orra nuair thosaigh sé an ceol budh bhinne ar bith do tharraingt ó'n g-cláirseigh. Chuir sé sin eud, ar dheirbhshiúr Ui Luinin óir do bhí sí féin 'nna righ-chláirseoir. Dubhairt sí nach raibh aon fhear do chuaidh an t-slighe sin le fada d'fheudfadh ceol mar sin do dheanamh, agus tar éis cómhráidh fhada leis chuir sí dúbhshlán faoi, an chláirseach do sheinn 'nna h-aghaidh féin, agus muintir an tighe ag éisteacht leó mar bhreitheamhaibh. Thosaig'h Tadhg O'Doirnin agus chum sé a's sheinn sé an leath-rann so ar an móimid, ex tempore, as a instinn féin, agus d'fhreagair sise é ann san módh agus 'san miosúr ceudna.

Tadhg—Budh cúdin an tráth, bhí tulcha i m-bláth
Nuair chonnairc me thú, a Mháire,
Máire—Ntor bhreágha an lá 'ná thusa, an tráth
Do bhain tú, a Thaidhg, an báire.

Tadhg—Do rosca, a spéir, ar dhath an aeir,
'S má's féidir é nios áille,
Máire—Ni'l aer ná gleann is fios dam ann
Nios sgiombaighe 'ná do cháil-se.

Tadhg—Budh dhuibhe bhí an ghrian ag luidhe
Ioná do ghnúis, a Mháire.
Máire—An reult no'n ghrian ni thaidhbhrigheann trian
Oiread soluis le do sgáil-se.

Tadhg—Ar an t-sluagh ban-sidhe bud mhaith 's budh ghnaoi
Do ghnúis gheal-chaoimh, a Mháire,
Máire—Is feárr i n-gné sluagh sidhe 'ná má,
Acht b'fhearr do ghné-se an trá sin.

Tadhg—Bárr-ségimh an ghráidh i d'chuschan breágh
Do chonnairc me ort, a Mháire,
Máire—Is tusa d'fhigh an cuachan min
Le mine chaoin do gháire.

Tadhg—Do rosca caoimh do dhealbhuigh an fighe
Do ghabh mo chroidhe-se, a Mháire,
Máire—Is ort-sa tá an ball-seirc do ghnáth
A lasas gridh gach stáidbhean.

Tadhg—Má's áil leat mé a ghráidh mo chléibh
Is leat go h-eug mé, a Mháire,
Táid lasrach' cluain 'gam' chradh go cidin
Uch! imhluighim duit, cidh náireach.

Ni feas dúinn cad é is deireadh do'n sgeul so, no ar umhaigh an óig-bhean dó dá rirbh. no an ag magadh faoi do bhí sí.—*Dr. Douglas Hyde, in "Songs of the Connacht Bards."*

$100 Reward $100,

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

DO WE EVER PRAY FOR IRELAND.

"Father, let us pray for Italy, too," said Count Cavour, as he lay on his death bed.

When we rise at early morn,
When we bend our thoughts to pray,
That God may bless your labors,
And watch o'er us through the day;
While in humblest homage kneeling,
We pour forth our "suppliance true,"
Oh, Erin, mourning mother!
Do we ever paay for you!

And at eve ere sleep steals o'er us,
Ere our wearied limbs we rest,
While imploring heaven's blessing
Upon those we love the best;
The long lost, and the absent,
The tender and the true,
Oh, Erin, mourning mother!
Do we ever pray for you?

Do we pray to Him who made thee
So beautiful and fair;
That He might raise thy drooping head,
Lift thee from thy despair;
And take that chain off thy white neck,
Whose links have changed its hue,
Oh, Erin, mourning mother!
Do we ever pray for you?

Yes, I pray for thee, my mother,
And for all who love thee well.
Thy true-born sons whose loyal hearts
For thee with pity swell;
Who've sworn to right thy burning wrongs
Like their fathers brave and true,
Oh, Erin, mourning mother,
Oft I pray for them and you!
—*Irish People.*

What $16.00 Will Do.

It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going East, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country West, it will pay you to write to, or call on F. W. Buskirk, the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Erie, whose office is 605 Western Union building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

STAND TOGETHER, FENIANS.

Let the cowards preach their creed,
Fenians,
That—though Erin's wounds may bleed,
Fenians—
'Tis a damning sin for you
To swear you shall be true,
When comes the "grand Review,"
Fenians!

Let them call you "Infidels,"
Fenians,
Bnd your Circles "little hells,"
Fenians!
Let them curse you in God's name—
Their blessing 's but the same—
To their eternal shame,
Fenians!

'Tis not lately it began,
Fenians;
There was always such a clan,
Fenians,
Who made piety and prayers
The cloak of cowardly fears,
Though Ireland was in tears,
Fenians!

Fling aside their teachings vile,
Fenians,
Full of craven craft and guile,
Fenians;
For God never made it sin
A Nation's right to win,
Amid the battle's din,
Fenians!

How they praise the gallant Poles,
Fenians,
Call them brave, unconquered souls,
Fenians—
Still what difference can they prove
Between Erin, whom you love,
And she for whom *they* strove,
Fenians!

Who forgets the noble band,
Fenians,
Rallying from your native land,
Fenians,
Full of spirits bounding light,
To battle against might
For Peter's blessed right,
Fenians!

Can the Pope, who blest those men,
Fenians,
Call them "Infidels" but when,
Fenians,
For poor Ireland's sake they blend,
With firm resolve to spend
Their blood, her bonds to rend,
Fenians!

Then march and drill together,
Fenians,
Till on your native heather,
Fenians,
With God's promise in the sky,
And the "Sunburst" waving high,
You make the Saxon fly,
Fenians!

S. A. R.

LUCK WITH BECK.

Tries an Outside Issue to Get Money.

PERSUADED BY FRIENDS TO TRY HIS FORTUNE IN THE HONDURAS NATIONAL LOTTERY, HE DRAWS A PRIZE—APPRECIATES THE PROMPT MANNER IN WHICH HIS TICKET WAS HONORED WILL INVEST IN REAL ESTATE.

Hugo Beck is a member of the firm of Beck Brothers, wholesale liquor dealers at No. 308 North Franklin street. Last month trade was rather dull and Mr. Beck conceived the idea of increasing his personal bank account by outside speculation. Several means suggested themselves, but each required a considerable outlay of money. After juggling his brain for some time a friend suggested a lottery ticket as the best investment for a small amount of money, and Mr. Beck, acting on the advice, purchased a one-fifth ticket in the Honduras National Lottery. It was his first experience with a lottery company and it required much persuasion on the part of Mr. Beck's friends to cause him to buy the ticket. The same friends were compelled to urge Mr. Beck to scan the official list of the drawing to ascertain if his ticket had drawn a prize. Fortune had been kind to the liquor dealer, and he learned that his ticket, No. 91,161, had drawn one-fifth of the third capital prize of $10,000.

Overjoyed he informed all his friends of his good fortune and the lucky ticket was sent to the company for payment.

Today the money arrived, and when Mr. Beck was seen by a reporter for the *Dispatch* he was indeed a happy man. Mr. Beck is a man who understands the value of a dollar, and desires to state that he will invest the sum secured in real estate.

"It was just like finding it," he said in talking to the reporter. "The company promptly cashed the ticket, and I shall try my luck again."—*Chicago (Ill.) Dispatch, Dec. 8.*

Look Out for Cold Weather

but ride inside of the Electric-Lighted and Steam-Heated Vestibule Apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for further particulars see small bills." Small bills (and large ones also) will be accepted for passage and sleeping-car tickets by all coupon ticket agents. For detailed information address George H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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SPECIAL HOLIDAY BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

MADISON AND PEORIA STS. P. F. RYAN & CO. MADISON AND PEORIA STS.

Shoe Department.

Ladies' Dongola Tipped, Button or Lace Shoes, Real Value $2.50 (to introduce our New Department)... $1.25
500 prs Ladies' Dongola Tipped Button Shoes, worth $1.50... 98c
275 prs Misses' Spring-Heel Shoes, value $1.50... 98c
Choice Styles of Gent's Slippers, worth $1.00... 59c

Black and Colored Dress Goods Make Useful Presents.

Pure Wines & Liquors for Holidays.

3 Year Old California Port, Sherry or Sweet Catawba	25c qt
Good California Riesling	25c qt
Good California Claret	17c qt
Pure Blackberry Brandy	30c qt
4 Year Old Bourbon	45c qt
6 Year Old Oscar Pepper or Guckenheimer Rye	75c qt
Good Old Tom Gin	85c qt
DeKuyper's Holland Gin	$1.10 qt
3 Star Hennessy Brandy	$1.29 qt
Cream Pure Rye	$1.25 qt
Floville Cigars, box of 50	98c
Eagle Bat Cigars, box of 25	75c

Groceries, Specials for the Holidays.

New Mixed Nuts	9c per lb
New Florida Oranges	15c dozen
New Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel	14c per lb
Fancy Loose Muscatel Raisins	4c per lb
Lovjoy's Breakfast Flakes	8c box
California White Cherries, per doz, $1.75, per can	15c
Cal. Apricots, per doz, $1.50, per can	13c
Early June Peas, per doz, 95c, per can	8c
Sugar Corn, Milton Canning Co, can	6c
Standard Tomatoes, doz 80c, per can	7c
Kirk's American Family Soap, per box $2.85	5c
Santa Claus Soap	3½c

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WHOLESALE
LIQUOR DEALERS.
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Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines a Specialty.

HOOLEY'S.
LAST WEEK, COMMENCING
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16.

Special Engagement of the Legitimate Irish Comedian, MR.
JOSEPH MURPHY,
Supported by
HIS OWN COMPANY
In the Companion Drama to KERRY GOW, entitled
Shaun Rhue,
Introducing Mr. Murphy's world-famous Song,
A HANDFUL OF EARTH.
PRICES AS USUAL.
Reserved Seats can be secured at Box Office 3 days in advance.
SUNDAY NIGHT, DEC. 23, LAST NIGHT,
"THE DONAGH."

FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

ESTATE OF PATRICK KENNEDY, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Kennedy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, Illinois, November 30, 1894.
PATRICK BYRNE,
Administrator, with the will annexed of Patrick Kennedy, deceased.
Francis T. Colby, Attorney for Administrator, with the will annexed.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 910 SCHILLER BUILDING, CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE SCHMITZ, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Schmitz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1895, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, December 12, 1894.
PETER SCHMITZ, Administrator.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 910 SCHILLER BUILDING, CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF THOMAS RYAN, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Thomas Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1895, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, December 12, 1894.
MICHAEL RYAN, Administrator.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

M. V. GANNON. M. J. AGNEW. C. L. AMBERG.
GANNON, AGNEW & AMBERG,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
SUITE 1411 ASHLAND BLOCK,
COR. CLARK & RANDOLPH STS.
CHICAGO, ILL.

TOMORROW.

I said, "Tomorrow!" one bleak, winter day,
"Tomorrow I will live my life anew."
And still "Tomorrow!" while the winter grew
To spring, and yet I dallied by the way,
And sweet, dear sins still held me in their sway.
"Tomorrow!" I said, while summer days wore through.
"Tomorrow!" while chill autumn round me drew.
And so my soul remained the sweet sin's prey.

So pass the years, and still perpetually
I cry: "Tomorrow will I flee each wile.
Tomorrow surely shall my soul stand free,
Safe from the siren voices that beguile!"
But death waits for me with a mocking smile,
And whispers, "Yea! Tomorrow verily!"
—Philip Bourke Marston.

THE BOWLDER BALL.

One morning the 500 citizens of the great and flourishing town of Bowlder, A. T., awoke to find posted up on the bulletin board in front of the postoffice a red and white and blue handbill announcing that on April 3 the grand annual ball tendered by the young men of the "city" to the young ladies of the city would be held.

The handbill was artistically masterful. No less than six different sizes of type had been used, and red ink, blue ink and purple ink had not been spared. The handbill was at least six feet long. At the bottom was a magnificent picture of Sloan's hall, in which the ball was to be held. At the top waved the stars and stripes, and in each of the four corners stood out proudly the coat of arms of the great territory of Arizona.

It had been mooted about for a week that the announcement was to be made in the near future, but the young men who comprised the committee in charge of the arrangements had kept their actions a profound secret, and when the question was broached to them they had denied that any definite date had been agreed upon. The town had therefore been in a furore of excitement for over a week, and nothing else had been talked of, neither at the stationery and bookstore, at the postoffice, at the hall where the G. A. R. men met every night, nor in the drawing rooms after supper. The young men in charge of the arrangements it was known met nearly every night at the office of the editor in chief of The Weekly Bulletin, but as to what they did or said it was impossible, as The Bulletin announced, "to ascertain."

But now the announcement was made, and the interest and excitement were simply unbearable. Old man Shoemeyer, the village music teacher, had been the first to discover it, for the notice had been posted during the night to further enhance the mystery which should duly surround the actions of the young men in charge of the arrangements. The old man noticed something unusual about the bulletin board from his window as he was dressing himself that morning about 4 o'clock.

"An inspiration came to me," he said in relating the particulars of his discovery later in the day to a group of admiring fellow citizens, "that it was the announcement of the ball. 'It's the announcement,' says I to myself. So slipping on my shoes I ran out without my hat, and there, sure enough, it was just as you see it there. My heart went thumpety-thump when I saw it, and I ran home with all my might to tell the girls. At first they did not believe me, but I called out to them to look out of the window for themselves. And there they saw it just as I had seen it. Yes, sir, I was the first to discover the handbill."

And the old man swelled with his own importance and acknowledged with dignity the deferential salute of the mayor of the town, who had just come up to congratulate him.

There was very little business done that day in Bowlder. The flag was raised on the Town hall, and court adjourned immediately after meeting. Everywhere little groups of young and old men stood around talking about the momentous occasion. In the evening the militia band turned out and serenaded the young men who had charge of the arrangements, and the young men came out and got on a barrel, one after the other, and made short and enthusiastic speeches, which were greeted with rapturous applause.

And the next morning, to cap the climax, a telegram came, addressed to the people of Bowlder, which read:

TUCSON, A. T., Jan. 4.—Congratulations. I will be with you. JIM TRUSLOW.

Jim Truslow, or the Hon. James Timothy Truslow, was the representative of the great and flourishing town of Bowlder in the state senate.

The telegram reached the city about 10 o'clock. Lewis, the telegraph operator, was suddenly seen to rush out of the Western Union telegraph office. He was waving his hands wildly in the air and hurrahing at the top of his voice. He ran straight for the bulletin board. A great crowd followed him. And when the telegram had been read aloud a thundering cheer went up that could have been heard in the senate chamber at Tucson, 150 miles away.

It was many days before the town got back to business again, and then, the first excitement passed, the great question arose, "What shall I wear?"

Of course the men were not interested much in this question. There was but one costume admissible to them.

Every man in town had a white satin necktie and a cutaway coat and his "funeral pants," as the black broadcloth garments were called. The young men who had charge of the arrangements, it was whispered, had sent to Phenix for patent leather shoes for the occasion, and the mayor, it was positively declared for a fact, had sent to Denver for a white waistcoat.

But the question of dress worried the women. Old trunks were opened, old bits of lace and embroidery cut and tacked on, and in every yard on the first Monday after the announcement had been made was to be seen fluttering in the quiet breezes under the abnormally hot sun a dress of some white fluffy sort or other—that is, in all but two yards.

Miss Mary Jane Breeden and Miss Martha Sallie Armitage, rivals, had, singularly enough, reasoned out at the same moment that she must do something to show that ugly, forward girl that she "was not in it with her."

Miss Breeden had decided that she must have a black silk dress, with the neck cut low, square shaped and filled in with white lace, the skirt to be flounced with black lace and the sleeves to be tied near the elbows with white satin. This costume, she decided, with her own beautiful fair skin and an abundance of red roses in her hair, would make a most presentable and delectable appearance. And Miss Breeden wanted to look her best, for was she not very much in love with Jim Truslow, and wasn't he very much in love with her? And wouldn't the ball decide the question? Could the Hon. Jim resist her charms, and wouldn't he come to the point, which point he had been hovering dangerously near for the last two years?

Miss Martha Sallie Armitage had decided that a white china silk dress would most become her and show to best advantage the marvelous beauty of her creamy, olive complexion and her deep, soulful eyes. And Miss Armitage wanted to look her best, for was she not very much in love with the Hon. Jim, and wouldn't she, when she became the affianced of that gentleman, show that forward Breeden girl how inferior a mortal she was?

But there was one obstacle. Miss Breeden wondered where she was going to get the money to pay for that dress. Miss Armitage wondered where she was going to get the money to pay for that dress. The money must be found somewhere, said Miss Breeden (also Miss Armitage), for that dress had to be had. On it would hang all the law and the prophets. Jim Truslow must be hers, said Miss Breeden (also Miss Armitage), and the dress would effect the conquest.

Well, said Miss Breeden (also Miss Armitage), there were still two months upon the ball, and the money would be found. Father didn't have it, and there was nothing to sell.

When we are deepest in despair and gloom, something always happens to light us up again. And so it happened in Bowlder. The Weekly Bulletin (published on Saturdays, the official organ of Bowlder county, subscriptions must be paid for in advance) announced on its very first page under glaring headlines that on Monday Miss Susan Anthony, the well known and popular schoolteacher of Prescott, would arrive in Bowlder by the Owl train to take charge of the two months' session of school which would commence immediately. "Miss Anthony is a fine arithmetician, knows all about algebra," etc., said The Bulletin.

Miss Breeden read the announcement with an unconcealed smile of satisfaction and triumph. Miss Armitage was equally smiling, satisfied and triumphant.

"Mamma," said Miss Breeden at supper, "we must take Miss Anthony to board. I'll do the work, pay all the extra expenses and give her my room."

And then she told her surprised mother the method of her madness. It is to be read between the lines that Miss Armitage made the same speech to her mother also on that very same evening.

The Owl train was due to arrive at Bowlder at 4 o'clock in the morning. Miss Breeden pleaded a headache and spent all day Sunday in her bed, sleeping as much as she could. At 10 o'clock on Sunday evening, when the rest of the family had retired, Miss Breeden arose from her bed, put on her tightest shoes, laced her stays uncomfortably tight and drank four or five cups of strong cold coffee she had smuggled into her room. All this she did so that she might be uncomfortable, and therefore very wakeful, for she must not surrender to nature and fall asleep. That would never do. She must be at the station to welcome Miss Anthony and see that she did not escape her.

At 3 o'clock Miss Breeden made herself more comfortable and then sauntered out into the night air. She walked to the station, and at 4 o'clock she had the pleasure of greeting Miss Anthony.

"You must come right to our house," said Miss Breeden effusively. "We have a nice room all ready for you."

"But Sallie Armitage has asked me to come to her house," said Miss Anthony.

"Sallie Armitage asked you?" cried the bewildered girl.

"Yes. She telegraphed me on Saturday night."

"Telegraphed you?"

"Yes, but I'm tired out, and she isn't here, so come on; let's go to your house. I'll stay a month with you and a month with her."

"I get the first month!" cried the girl.

"Yes. You shall have the first month."

"Thank heaven!" murmured the girl, and she sighed, very much relieved.

It is not necessary to detail the mortification and anger of Miss Armitage when she learned that her rival had stolen the schoolmistress from her. Nor is it necessary to tell all the self sacrificing drudgery that fell to the lot of Miss Breeden. It is sufficient to say that she fairly earned by the sweat of her brow—and the sweat of one's brow is considerable of a factor in Arizona around about that time of the year—the $16 which Miss Anthony paid her for four weeks' board.

At the end of the month the schoolmistress, true to her word, packed up her belongings and went over to the enemy, who was now in her turn called upon to describe by her actions and self sacrificing how much she loved the Hon. Jim and how determined she was to win him, if possible, for her own sweet self.

If Jim could but have known! But he didn't. It is the way of the world. We are always working for some girl when some other girl is always working for us.

Miss Breeden had a month in which to prepare her dress. Miss Armitage had but a few days, but again this young lady proved herself a great general. Almost on the very day that Miss Breeden sent to Phenix for her black silk Miss Armitage commissioned a young gentleman, who happened to be very much in love with her, entre nous, to buy for her in Prescott, for which city he was departing on a business trip, the silk and laces necessary for the manufacture of her dress.

She said nothing to this young gentleman about providing him in advance with the necessary funds to pay for what she wanted, and he, as she had surmised, was too bashful to suggest such a thing. When he returned in three weeks, he brought the things with him, and a week later, when she got her $16 from Miss Anthony, the girl asked him what they had cost. And to show her gratitude she made for him out of some of the silk left over a very pretty necktie, which he, foolish youth, kept locked in his strongbox with his other treasures and occasionally gazed at in moments of temporary mental aberration.

The day set for the ball arrived in due course of time. It was a hot day, to say the least. The thermometer at Bill Leiter's drug store at 10 o'clock in the morning registered 97 in the shade, but nobody noticed that. A general holiday had been declared, and everybody was at home getting ready.

Jim had not arrived, but was due on the train which would reach Bowlder at 10 o'clock in the evening. And, by the way, Jim had written to a friend that at the ball he intended to "spring a little surprise" on his many friends. There was much speculation as to what that surprise would be, for everybody felt a great interest in Jim and his affairs. He was the rising young man of the county, and had already, though hardly 30 years of age, made quite a reputation for himself as a lawyer and as a politician.

Sloan's hall never looked prettier than it did that night. The Bulletin announced in its next edition that the "hall was gayly festooned with varicolored buntings, and that innumerable Chinese lanterns made of the scene a dream from fairyland. The beauty and bravery of Bowlder were present," said The Bulletin, "and the flashing eyes of the dainty damsels outshone the jealous stars of the tropical skies. 'On, on with the dance; let joy be unconfined!'" quoted The Bulletin, "and occasionally, as in rhythmic motion, in dreamy keeping with the mellifluous strains of Professor O'Conlihan's band, the dainty gauzelike dresses were swished aside, revealing a flighting fancy of a delicate instep. Ye editor wished himself a bachelor again."

Miss Breeden and Miss Armitage, secure of creating a sensation, were among the last to arrive. Miss Breeden in her black silk was beautiful. Miss Armitage in her white silk was lovely. The young ladies observed each other with supreme contempt. Miss Breeden noticed that the gold comb in Miss Armitage's hair was merely gilded. Miss Armitage could hardly refrain from calling the attention of Mayor Gillespie to the fact that Miss Breeden had forgot to polish her left shoe and to button the top button on her right shoe.

At about 10 o'clock, during an intermission, who should come in but the Hon. Jim, and on his arm he escorted a very plain looking young woman, a stranger to Bowlder. The men rushed over to shake Jim by the hand. Of course the young ladies wouldn't do that.

"It would not be etiquette," remarked Miss Breeden to herself, thereby restraining herself from rushing to meet the man she loved, for she knew that the eyes of her rival were upon her, and she would rather die—aye, rather lose the man she loved—than give that odious Sallie Armitage a chance to say that she was forward or unladylike.

Bob Gortner came up and claimed the next waltz. She had promised it to him, not expecting Jim's arrival for another hour, but now the very sight of the insignificant little lawyer's clerk, with his stoop shoulders and his inane, blinking eyes, was repulsive to her, and almost rudely she begged to be excused on the plea that she felt rather tired and would rest through the next dance.

Jim Truslow now approached Miss Armitage, and Miss Breeden's blood ran hot, and her heart grew so angry that she could hardly breathe.

"The designing, forward thing!" exclaimed Miss Breeden between her teeth. "She placed herself near the door so that he would see her first!"

Jim spoke a few words to the girl, and then Miss Breeden's heart leaped wildly within her, for he had left her, and she now looked as pale and as weak as a kitten. And he was now coming straight toward her, his hand outstretched, his face wreathed in smiles. Miss Breeden's heart overflowed with joy. She trembled so that she could hardly trust herself to speak to him or to hold out her hand to him.

She felt the eyes of the room upon her. She knew that her cheeks were fiery red, and that everybody was pointing her out as the girl who had won Jim Truslow's heart, and that she had not a doubt then, for could she not read it in his eyes?

Jim came very close to her and held out his hand. She offered him hers. He took it very tenderly in his and pressed it warmly.

"You are looking charming," he said, "the belle of the ball, and as such I want you to do me a favor."

"A favor," she murmured, with downcast eyes. "Willingly ask of me anything in my power, and I will do it."

"Thank you," said the Hon. Jim. "Come with me. I want you to meet my wife. I was married two weeks ago to the finest little woman in Arizona. It was she I escorted here, and I want you to be very, very good to her. Won't you, for my sake?"

And this was the little surprise the Hon. Jim had kept to spring on his unsuspecting fellow townsmen.

It is to be supposed that the ball was a magnificent success. Miss Mary Jane Breeden said that she had never had so much fun in all her life, and that Jim Truslow's wife was a perfect little dear. Miss Martha Sallie Armitage declared that she had never enjoyed herself so much before in her life, and that Mary Truslow was a perfect little angel.

And that night, or rather early in the morning, Mary Jane Breeden threw herself down upon her bed and cried herself to sleep and woke up after half an hour to dry her eyes and blubber, "At least that odious Sallie Armitage didn't get him, and I didn't let any one find out that I loved him as that forward Sallie Armitage did."

And that night, or rather early in the morning, Martha Sallie Armitage threw herself down upon her bed and cried herself to sleep and awoke after half an hour to dry her eyes and repeat of Miss Breeden what Miss Breeden had blubbered of her.—New York Sun.

Amenities of War.

Archibald Forbes, in an article in Scribner's Magazine, says that the abstract theory of the "amenities of war" is preposterous. You strain every effort to reduce your adversary to impotence. He falls wounded, whereupon, should he come into your hands, you promptly devote all your exertions to saving his life and restoring him to health and vigor in order that he may go home and swell the ranks of your enemy. This is no doubt humanity, but it is supremely illogical.

Marbot recounts in his memoirs perhaps the most absurd application ever made of the theory of the "amenities." In the battle of Austerlitz a body of beaten Russians, about 5,000 strong, strove to escape across the ice on the Satachan lake. Napoleon ordered his artillery to fire on the ice, which was shattered, and men and horses slowly settled down into the depths, only a few escaping by means of poles and ropes thrown out from shore by the French.

Next morning Napoleon, riding round the positions, saw a wounded Russian officer clinging to an ice floe 100 yards out and entreating help. The emperor became intensely interested in the succor of the man. After many failures Marbot and another officer stripped and swam out, gradually brought the ice floe toward the shore and laid the Russian at Napoleon's feet.

The emperor evinced more delight at this rescue than he had manifested when assured of the victory of Austerlitz. He had no compunction as to the fate of the unfortunates whom his artillery practice of the day before had sent to their death.

The Story of a Relic Shown at Turin.

Visitors to Turin who have seen the celebrated Chapel of St. Ludona, which adjoins the Royal palace, must have noticed on one of the altars a glass shade under which is placed a relic as a testimony of a miracle wrought. This medal has a story. In November, 1878, when King Humbert's life was attempted by Passanante at Naples, Queen Margherita wore fastened to a chatelaine at her waist a small silver horn, which Italians wear against the jettatura, or evil eye. Just at the moment when the would be murderous attack took place Queen Margherita was seized with such terrible convulsions that she held this little silver ornament so tightly in her hand that it left an impression in her soft white fingers, and only after several hours could it be moved, when it was religiously preserved.

Among the various ways in which the sovereign wished to show her gratitude to the Madonna for having saved her husband's life was to have the silver horn made into a medal, on one side of which was engraved, "Per Grazia Recevuta," and under the date, on the other side, in small letters, "Salve Regina." This medal is now dedicated to the royal chapel at Turin.—London Society.

Effective Courtesy.

There's a bit of courtesy extended in at least one of the biggest dry goods stores in the city in the way of receipting bills that does not pass unappreciated by those fortunate enough to receive it.

In the office of this store there is at least one employee whose services must be valuable to the firm. Every receipted bill that comes from his hand is inscribed with a simple "Thank you!" in the right hand corner.

The words, unimportant in themselves, have a magic effect upon the patrons of the store and invoke a kindly feeling that surely must induce them to return again, and again make purchases where paying bills even is a pleasure, because there is some consideration shown the debtor.

Courtesy goes a great way in this world and is a valuable adjunct to one's character.—Buffalo News.

The West End.

Why is it that in most of the cities of the world fashion makes its home in the northwestern quarter? Why is it that the "west end" is so often the aristocratic section of the city and "east side" and "south side" so often the residence of the poorer classes? It is a fact, and there is a ruling cause for it. Is it this—that the prevailing winds of the earth are northwesterly? They are in general northwesterly, and their tendency is to blow the dust, smoke and odors of a city to its eastern or southern side. This makes the opposite quarter the more desirable for residence. — Philadelphia Press.

An Awful Threat.

"John," said Mrs. Bossman, "it is time you were in bed. If you don't turn the light down, the first thing you know the baby will be awake."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Bossman. "The light won't wake him."

"No, but I'll wake him myself."

The prospect was too appalling. He meekly did as he was bid.—Cincinnati Tribune

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VELVET COFFINS FOR TWO.

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"Of all the queer persons of this queer world the undertaker, I believe, meets his full quota," so a reporter was told by a man wearing a funereal expression on his face and black gloves on his hands who came from a small town in a western state to attend the meeting of the Association of Undertakers.

"One of the queer persons is a wealthy woman who lives in my town. One day she came to my rooms, and as the tears coursed down her sad face she managed to tell me between sobs that she wanted a coffin that was covered with royal purple velvet. I knew that her husband had been ill for some time and was not expected to live. So I began to offer a word of condolence on account of his death, as she and her husband were intimate friends of mine.

"'Oh, he is not dead yet,' sobbed the woman, 'but I want you to call at the house and steal his measure while he is asleep. I want a royal purple velvet coffin, and it may take you several days to fill the order.'

"I assured the tearful woman that it would perhaps be impossible to fill the order, as I had never heard of a coffin of any such description ever having been on the market. She went back home, and while the order was hanging fire her husband began to grow better and in a few days was entirely out of danger. He afterward recovered, and today he is a strong, healthful man.

"But that woman still insists that I shall fill the order for a royal purple velvet coffin for her husband, and, furthermore, she has given me another order for a royal purple velvet coffin for herself. On my present trip to St. Louis I called at a large coffin factory here and surprised the proprietors by leaving the special and unique orders to be filled. When the orders have been filled, I can't say whether or not my queer customers will use the two royal purple velvet coffins as ornaments to match the decorations in their parlor at home."—St. Louis Republic.

BARBERS IN BRITAIN.

Frank Ruff's Description of Dublin and London Shaving Shops.

In Dublin the first class shops are managed in the same way as the leading shops of London, and most of the first class journeymen barbers hail from London, and they are paid what are called London wages—that is, 35 shillings a week—but a barber in order to get those wages must also be a ladies' hairdresser. The cheaper shops only pay their journeymen from 18 to 20 shillings a week. The first class shops charge sixpence—that is, 12 cents—for shaving and the same price for hair cutting and shampooing. The cheaper shops charge only twopence, or 4 cents, for shaving, hair cutting or shampooing. Some shops in Cork only charge a penny for each. The first class shops here turn out a customer just as well as the barbers in America, if not a little better, but I would not let the cheaper barbers shave my dog.

Some of the finest shops in Dublin have our old fashioned chairs, and some have just an upholstered chair, with a headpiece attached. The cheap shops, most of them, just use a wooden chair, and the barber wears a dirty apron, but in the finer shops they wear white coats and clean white aprons. London has a great many shops, but there are only a few really good shops. Most of the barber shops here are called toilet clubs, and they are all located on the second floor. They get threepence for shaving. The journeymen barbers get about 30 shillings a week. A few get more, but they depend largely on their customers for tips. The best shave I ever had in London was in a barber shop conducted by a lady. She employs five other ladies and charges threepence for shaving and a little extra for dressing the hair. There are only about half a dozen shops in London which have modern American chairs.—National Barber.

Animals at Play.

Animals have a keen sense of "making believe," which is the essence of play. A child's first game is bopeep—make believe. When a couple of dogs have a jolly tussle, they make believe to engage in deadly combat. A striking instance of this occurred to a writer some years back. He gave a dead mouse to a kitten. It was the first time she had seen one, and she sniffed at it inquisitively before deciding to toss it about.

A pair of slippers lay on the floor. She dropped the mouse into one of them and immediately proceeded to look for it most zealously in the other slipper till I took up the first, which contained her booty. Then she showed that it was no real lack of memory that had sent her on the bootless search.—Buffalo Express.

Greenland's Glaciers.

Nearly all the Greenland glaciers and tongues from the internal ice cap terminate in vertical faces from 100 to 1,000 feet high, presenting facilities for investigation. The vertical faces reveal pronounced stratification on the basal ice, even earth materials in the bases carried by the ice being arranged in layers. Fine laminations were seen 12 or 20 to an inch. The layers are sometimes twisted and contorted and even "shoved" over each other. The glacier movement at the ice border is a foot per day to a foot per week.—Science.

Adding Insult to Injury.

Old Lady—That parrot I bought of you uses dreadful language.

Bird Dealer—Ah, mum, you should be verry careful what you ses afore it. It's astonishin how quick them birds pick up anythink!—Pick Me Up.

The illustrious Isabella de Gonzaga, after losing her husband, declined to marry again. She said that if her second should prove good she would be in constant fear of losing him; if otherwise, in constant fear of not losing him.

THE MAKING OF THIEVES.

A Significant Increase In the Number of Child Criminals.

There has surely been of late a very great and significant increase in the number of child criminals that are brought to our police courts. There are more of them, and they are much younger than they used to be, and they are vastly "tougher." Their manner shows plainly that the street has been their teacher, and that they have been apt pupils. Its method is simple and varies in Hell's Kitchen and in Jewtown only in the opportunities offered. To begin with, the boy idler in the street during school hours is there in defiance of law, whether the fault is his own or not, and he knows it. He is in the attitude of opposition, the normal attitude of the street. The policeman is his enemy, and the policeman stands for the established order of things.

Thus the groundwork is laid for whatever mischief comes along. It is not long in coming, rarely longer than the dinner hour of the first day. The boy is hungry. He wants something to eat. A boy's hunger is not like a man's, which can be appeased with promises. He wants something at once. If he is playing hooky, he does not want to go home to get it. Anyway there is no need to do so. The street can show him an easier way. A grocer's stand is handy, or a pie wagon; better still, a soda water wagon. The bottle is worth so much cash at the junkshop. The driver's back is turned. The boy "swipes" one.

It is not a very great crime, but it is the stepping stone to many greater. A horse blanket or a copper bottomed boiler may be the next thing. It is the first step that costs an effort, and that not a very great one, with the clamor of a hungry stomach to drown the warning voice within him that whispers of the policeman and the lockup. The friends he makes in the street soon help him to contempt for the one and a secret pride in the other.—Jacob A. Riis in Century.

A CALLER FOR MR. DE MEDICI.

An American Art Lover Who Proposes to See Him In Person.

There is a lady tuft hunter in an up town boarding house who has the foreign title fever of the most pronounced type. She paralyzes the other roomers by the easy, matter of fact way in which she tells the names and titles of her distinguished callers. One night it was the Prince Bombastes Deadbeati. The night before it was the "Dook" Indebto, and the next night it will be the Count Freakivitch. She has been across our great salt water privilege several time and has contracted the broad gauge style of murdering the English language. There is reason to believe that she bewails her fate at having been born in plebeian America. The other evening while her parlor was filled with princes, potentates, "dooks," counts and bald heads in the absence of crowned heads she incidentally remarked that on her next visit to civilization she would get more works of art and among them a work of "Venus de Medici."

"You must be varee particulare and not let the Paris clever venders sell you ze imitashion," said a "dook" by way of precaution.

"Oh, I shall guard against that," she replied gayly: "I shall call upon Mr. de Medici himself. I can get letters of introduction to the greatest artists in Europe."

And then there was a silence like that before a storm, and the titled admirers of the tuft hunter could scarcely conceal their laughter.—New York World.

The Night Conductor's Courtship.

The conductors on the night runs are usually more genial than those who look after the fares in the daytime. Just why this should be so is not quite clear, but the fact that most of them conduct affairs of the heart with young women who are engaged in domestic service during the daytime may have something to do with it. In making assignments the aim usually is to put the married men on the day runs and the single men on at night. As soon as the evening dishes are out of the way the lady in whom he is interested boards his car, and between one end of the line and the other they manage to have a lengthy tete-a-tete. The gripman is more fortunately situated than the conductor in this respect, as his little chats are not subject to frequent interruptions, as the conductor's are.—Chicago Tribune.

Many Kinds of Days In One.

A mean solar day is the average or mean of all the apparent solar days in a year. Mean solar time is that shown by a well regulated clock or watch, while apparent solar time is that shown by a well constructed sundial. The difference between the two at any time is the equation of time and may amount to 16 minutes and 21 seconds. The astronomical day begins at noon, and the civil day at the preceding midnight. The sidereal and mean solar days are both invariable, but one day of the latter is equal to 1 day 3 minutes and 56.555 seconds of the former.

Mars.

In a paper on Mars published in Natura ed Arte Professor Schiaparelli says that it has an atmosphere charged with water vapor. In spite of this, however, he thinks that it rarely rains, but that water circulates through canals back and forth from one pole to the other, this circulation being accompanied by "extraordinary periodical floods which at every revolution of Mars inundate the polar region at the period of the melting of the snow."

Well Fleeced.

"Did the colonel ever pay you that bill he owed you?"

"Never."

"What's he doing now?"

"President of a collection agency."—Atlanta Constitution.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

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Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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State President, John T. Keating, 5627 Jackson av, Hyde Park.
State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.
County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; T E Becket, V-P; Frank Cullen, Rec Sec, 172 Osgood st; William Merritt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—Luke H Lyons, Pres, 193 W North av; James Cullinan, V-P; James Perkins, Rec Sec, 595 Elston av; E S Hanrahan, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union-st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; James J Brennan, V-P; E M O'Reilly, R S, 598 Baker av; T Cullinane, F S; John Reegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P D Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 32d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 235 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Benfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 5021 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4630 Wentworth av, at 2 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J P Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie-st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Archer hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div. 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4626 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Bostik, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, Rec Archer av; P F Conway, V P; M J Moran, Rec Sec, 3133 Archer av; M W Williams, Fin Sec; M J Hogan, Treas.

Div 14—John Clarke, Pres, 1726 Prairie av; Thomas Winters, V-P; P J Lyng, Rec Sec, 3130 Shields av; Ed J O'Donnell, Fin Sec; Thomas Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, the 20th of each month.

Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 3200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 5158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5622 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 5232 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park PO; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4633 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3730 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2301 Emerald av; W H Keany, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, 2334 Butler st; M H Curry, Fin Sec; P O'Connor, Treas. Meet in Schaefer's hall, 29th and Canal streets, 1st and 3d Thursday of each month.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1259 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 3:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O'Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div. 30—Thomas Reelan, Pres, Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 32—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6955 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Dunhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Mcinerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 29 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Nolon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 363 S Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O'Beirne; Knight Commander, John Dadie; V-K; Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet first Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, President, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V.-P.; J J Barry, 2d V.-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in Hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Shanaughn, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 739 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr F Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1935 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State-sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1631 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2908 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 5749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John U Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 353 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 311 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 238 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J J Kemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Haley; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 981 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 569 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9222 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 189 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 33 W 13th st; R S Julius Ealer, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlerbrecht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 326 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 685 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North av and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3805 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5509 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L H Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 269 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in school hall.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

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FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14k. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY,
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case.....$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

**SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WAT

MARSHALL FIELD & CO.

Men's Furnishings

Suitable for Christmas.

Mention of the following items may supply undecided Christmas buyers with most desirable and useful presents for Gentlemen and Young Men.

Buyers who are not thoroughly informed upon Men's Furnishings know, from past experiences, that in every instance the purchase will be absolutely faultless in style and right in price.

We suggest as acceptable presents:

Flannel Pajamas, $2.50 and $6.00 suit.
Madras Pajamas, $2.50 and $4.50 suit.
Silk Pajamas, $10.00 suit.
Night Shirts, 50c to $10.00 each.
Good Business Shirts, 50c to $1.00.
Full Dress Shirts, $1.50 and $2.00.
Full Dress Shields, $2.25 to $3.00.
Cashmere Half Hose, 25c to $1.00 pair.
Cotton Half Hose, 25c to $1.00 pair.
Silk half Hose, 75c to $2.50 pair.
White Pique Evening Vests, $2.25 to $3.50

We Offer the following at Reduced Prices

—every item will make a desirable present:

Men's Lakeside White Shirts (laundered) open front and back—all sizes—all lengths of sleeves—equal to any $1.25 shirt made,

Our Price for this sale 78c each
—Half dozen, $4.50

Men's Natural Wool and Black Cashmere Half Hose—regularly sold for 75c pair,

Reduced for this sale to 50c pair

Men's Twilled Night Shirts, regularly 75c each—

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In Basement Salesroom.

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Our price for this sale 50c ea.

Men's Fleece-Lined Half Hose, Burlington Fast Black, usually 30c pair.

Our price for this sale 18c pair or 3 pair for 50c.

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Gloves and Mittens,
Laces and Neckwear,
Handkerchiefs and Linens,
Cloaks and Furs,
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A. Mascheroni
E. Remenyi
Theodore Salmon
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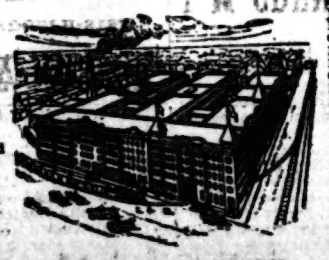

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ESTATE OF MARTIN DELANEY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Delaney, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, November 20, 1894.

MARGARET DELANEY,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Martin Delaney, deceased.
Francis T. Colby, Attorney for Executrix.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the Estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitled cause, on the 20th day of September A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 24th day of December A. D. 1894, at Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent, John Reynolds had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of decedent, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot One (1) in Dickey & Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) of Thompson & Holmes' Subdivision of the East 45 acres of the North 60 acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty-eight (38) North Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, subject, however, to a Trust deed, dated May 31, 1889, given by said John Reynolds to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure the note of said John Reynolds, of even date with said trust deed, for the sum of $500, payable to the order of William J. Nissen, three (3) years after date thereof. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Nov. 20, 1894.

PATRICK J. McCARTHY,
Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

JAMES BURNS

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.

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SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. William Kirby, Administrator of the Estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, vs. Johanna Fitzgibbons and Thomas F. Fitzgibbons, Edward J. Fitzgibbons, Julia M. Fitzgibbons, Johanna Fitzgibbons, John R. Fitzgibbons and Morris Fitzgibbons, minors, Charles L. Schaar, individually and as Trustee, Franz Koch and Charles L. Schaar, composing the firm of Schaar, Koch & Company. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitled cause, on the 21st day of November A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 24th day of December A. D. 1894, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent, Robert Fitzgibbons had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate (or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of said decedent), situated in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lots numbered Eighty-five (85) and Eighty-six (86) in Brown's Addition to the City of Chicago, said Lot Eighty-six (86) above mentioned will be sold subject to a Trust Deed dated July 21, 1890, given by said Robert Fitzgibbons and Johanna Fitzgibbons, his wife, to Charles L. Schaar, Trustee, to secure his note of even date with said Trust Deed, for the sum of $300, and subject also to the Dower rights therein of said Johanna Fitzgibbons, widow of said decedent. Said Lot Eighty-five (85) above described will be sold subject to the Dower and Homestead rights therein of said Johanna Fitzgibbons, widow of said decedent. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of Deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Nov. 22, 1894.

WILLIAM KIRBY,
Administrator of the Estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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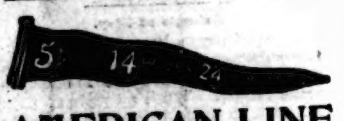

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